

Ark. B

WAR ♦ SKETCHES.

—BY—

W. P. BLACK,

AND OTHERS.

—OF—

ARKANSAS

TALES OF THE REBELLION.

Containing Accounts of Hair-
breadth Escapes, Thrilling Ad-
ventures, Scouts and all the
Vicissitudes to which a Sol-
dier's Life is Incident.

1895.

W. P. BLACK, PUBLISHER
MULDROW & T







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B. L. DICKINSON, S. C.

DEDICATORY.

To the brave, generous and long suffering Southern Women, including Mrs. Joe Houck, Miss Cynthia Lester, Mrs. Capt. Wright, Martha Dyer, Mrs. Margaret Vinsant, Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, Mrs. Eliza Williams, Mrs. Nealey Matlock, Aunt Polly Wagoner, Mrs. S. A. Pevehouse, Mrs. M.J. Trower, Mrs. Eliza A. Vinsant and especially to my esteemed Mother, who now lies mouldering in the dust, and a host of others whose devotion to the "lost cause" is without parallel in history, and who generously and fearlessly administered to us in our trials, this volume is most respectfully dedicated. May their memory ever be kept green by the boys who wore the grey—who have had innumerable occasions to bless them for their kindness. The glory they won during this trying epoch, will be more lasting than a statue of bronze or marble. All hail to such noble types of womanhood.

Truly etc,

W. P. BLACK.

INTRODUCTORY.

THIS is not a biography. Simply reminiscent. I have not the least intention of inflicting upon my readers much of my childhood, boyhood and early manhood. It would not interest deeply—that life of a child; who ran laughing and singing through the grounds of an old home, who conned his lessons at his mother's knee, who listened to the murmur of the limpid waters of the near-by creek, as it rolled placidly along in the shadow of lofty hills and dreamed his idle dream of vine-clad cottages in foreign lands, who rode all the colts and calves he could catch—and was thrown by them—who climbed the trees, tore his clothes, “went swimmin’ ” and did everything else for which boys are noted. Nor would the life of the youth

or young man prove more interesting. All these details might be interesting, dear reader, if "Bill" Black was anybody—a great warrior, statesman or general—and was dead. But he is none of these—simply plain Bill Black—and, fortunately, still lives; therefore these incidents and particulars of his youth shall be omitted.

The flowers bloomed brighter then, the birds sang sweeter; but that was in my youth, not in yours, reader. Mine for me, yours for you, friend. Let us dream of the dead days, sometimes, as the comedy of life plays before us, and the voices laugh—we will never see those days again, except in dreams.

* * * * *

Fill that hiatus with the hundreds of volumes that will be written of the great Rebellion. In this volume, I intend to weary neither myself nor the reader with an historical dissertation. I shall magnanimously allow others to trace the torrent to the rivulet, and that to its source—how the results of 1861 were the logical outcome of 1825—let them show how the antagonism of race and opinion

became the antagonism of the bayonet. This is not the place to discuss that subject.

The question has been tried, the issue is dead for the present and so let it rest.

Besides, you know the whole story, dear reader, how the virtuous North roared at the wicked South; and how John Brown, with the pike, carried out what Helper wrote with the pen.

In 1861 the beginning of the end came. The "Republicans" triumphed, the Gulf States declared the union dissolved, and asserting their right to shape their own destiny, prepared to support their action with the sword.

Thus, at the age of 23, I saw the country about to be involved in the throes of a civil war. But now, having returned to my home and lain aside the tattered and torn uniform, I shall employ my leisure time in recording some recollections, and describing, while my memory retains its freshness, a few incidents of the late Rebellion. This will not be a task—rather a pleasure—for nothing more delights an old soldier returned from the wars, than to fight his

battles over again by telling his children and grand-children, clustering in fancy around his knee, what wonders he has seen and the dangers through which he has passed.

I think those grand-children will take an interest in my adventures. They belong to the fresh, new generation, and all the jealousies, hatreds and corroding passions of the past epoch will disappear. Simple curiosity will replace the old hatred; the bitter antagonism of the partisan will have yielded to the philosophic interest of the student, and the events and personages of that period will be impartially discussed by peaceful firesides.

Therefore, I shall draw some pen pictures, as near as I can, of what I have seen. Come, perhaps as you follow me you will live in those stormy days of a convulsed epoch; breath its firey atmosphere and see its mighty forms as they defile before us in a long and noble line.

To review those days and instill a sacred memory for those figures which have descended into the tomb, is the purpose of these lines.

Therefore be magnanimous, kind reader, and regard me as one who is telling you his adventures, and not as an author who is composing a feigned history. I am only a "poor prisoner on parole," so leave me this last consolation, let me talk.

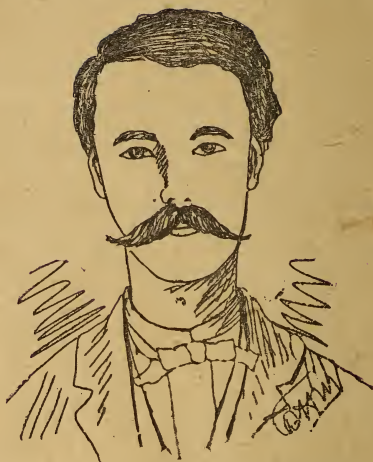
I now sit in my quiet home, not far away from the waters of the Arkansas river; the winds sigh and the sunshine laughs that peace has come.

Do not hurriedly scan the following pages, neither would I have you assiduously con them, simply read what I have written and let the results speak for themselves.

Hoping that the corroding passions which involved me in my time, may never be known to you, that you may never know more of war than what you may read, I am

Yours truly,

W. P. BLACK.



“BILL” BLACK.—1864.

WAR SKETCHES.

CHAPTER I.

KIND reader, I shall bore you with only enough of the "geneological tree" through which I came, to give my "peculiar nationality."

My great-grandfather, Wm. Black, was a Scotchman. He married an Irish lady and afterward came to America. At the breaking out of the American Revolution he enlisted and shared the hardships and privations of the "Ragged Regiment," commanded by the indefatigable General Marion, "The Swamp Fox of the Pedee." My grand-father was born in Carolina, on the 4th day of July, 1776. He was a captain under

Gen. Jackson during the Creek war of 1812, and was at the battle of Tohopeka or Horse Shoe Bend, when the spirit of the Creek nation was broken.

My father was a native of Kentucky, first seeing the light on a balmy day in April, 1807. At the age of 23 he was married to my mother, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Baird. She was of French descent. Her people had incurred the enmity of the Canadian government and had been banished as enemies to the crown. Her father located in Indiana, near Princeton, where my mother was born and raised. Shortly after father and mother were married they moved to the, then, territory of Arkansas, and opened up a farm in the northwestern part of the country, on Lees Creek, since embraced in Crawford county. Here they lived to raise nine children, six boys and three girls, all of whom were strong and robust except the fourth, the writer of these memoirs, who was somewhat weak and puny. The condition of my health was such that I conceived the idea that I was an imposition on my friends and family; therefore, at the age

While on the frontier I was sometimes with the cowboys and sometimes with the rangers; and to the wild, free character of my existence, I owe the vastly improved condition of my health.

While leading this nomadic life, we not infrequently came in contact with roving bands of wild Indians that infested that part of the country. These engagements were usually spirited and characterized with that savagery and bloodthirstiness peculiar to the Indian's mode of warfare. I have frequently seen the reeking scalp torn from the heads of fallen braves, and, more than once, my own hair has raised on end when in too close proximity to the red-man's scalping-knife.

On one occasion a party of boys, eight in number, had wandered some five or six miles from my uncle's ranch, in search of jack-rabbits and antelope. Suddenly one of the boys pointed to a painted brave riding parallel with us, but on the opposite side of a ridge. How we had longed for this moment! Our wildest anticipations sought no higher goal than the present moment seemed

about to present. Now was the opportunity presented to us for displaying our bravery and bagging a red-skin. So we charged with a yell and mighty flourish, full into the apparently helpless Indian. He seemed wholly taken by surprise at first but suddenly dashed off to the left, to take refuge in the chaparel on an adjacent creek. We pursued with an ardor and enthusiasm born only of our youth and inexperience. We had reached the edge of the tangled undergrowth, in our wild pursuit, when suddenly it seemed that a dozen Indians rose from under every bush. We had, with our eyes open, rode into a complete ambushade, and the fleeing Indian was only a decoy. But the boys were of the "blue steel" variety, and stood their ground like veterans against such overwhelming odds. Seeing that inevitable death was staring us in the face if we remained, I began to call to them to get out, and, heeding the admonition, we made a desperate and determined dash for life and liberty.

Two brave fellows were left dead on the scene, and all the others, except my-

self, more or less severely wounded; two of whom died shortly after the fight,

Next day I piloted a company of rangers to the spot and found the two comrades of the previous day's encounter, cold and stiff, with the scalp-lock rudely torn from their heads.

The periodic visits of these Indians were always an occasion of fear and peril, and their insinuating treachery was proverbial. I shall never forget their blood-curdling yells in battle, and their fiendish delight when we were forced to run.

But I must leave this field of narration for the harrowing realities of a fratricidal conflict, the ominous sounds of which had been floating on the air for some time, and the storm was about to burst upon our heads with relentless fury.

CHAPTER II.

THE season of quiet and peace had passed, the dull roar at Fort Sumpter proclaimed the story of internal strife, and I, like many others, burned with a desire to lend my assistance to what I believed to be the righteous cause of the South. Consequently, in the spring of 1861, I joined a company of select young men, to serve in an independent capacity as Confederate cavalry, under the leadership of the gallant Capt. John Posey.

I have forgotten the date on which we left home; however, we reached Camp Walker, in the northern part of Arkansas, without any mishap or incident of importance transpiring on the way.

Soon after our arrival at Camp Walker news reached us that the Federal General Lyons, with a large number of troops, was marching toward us. We immediately received orders from Gen. Ben Mc-

lough, to advance and meet the enemy. We took up the line of march at once and after several day's hard traveling over rough roads, reached Oak Hill, Wilson's Creek, as it is called by most writers; near Springfield, Missouri. Here we found the Confederates camped. In this camp I got my first sight of that untless, heroic Texan, General Ben McCullough.

On the following morning after our arrival, Gen. Lyons surprised us in our camp. The result of this battle—one of the first of the great battles of the war—too well known to need or admit of any lengthy explanation, and besides, I am not writing a history of the war. Let more capable pens assume that task.

In this engagement my company lost thirty six men killed and fifteen wounded. We formed the advance in pursuit of Gen. Seigel, who took command of the Federal troops at the death of General Lyons.

We were pressing them rather close and had several hard brushes, in one of which, Capt. Posey had three fingers cut from his right hand. Our company

suffered no other loss, either in killed or wounded.

After this fight we fell back to Arkansas, and did picket and scout duty for the main army until sometime in the fall; when we disbanded, some of the the boys joining the regular army, while others, myself among the number, went home.

I arrived safely at my father's house on Lees Creek, where I found my brother Henry preparing to move to Texas, and I at once decided to go with him.

We started about the middle of October, 1861, and reached Uncle William Black's, in Burnett county, near where the town of Strickland now stands, about the middle of November. We rented a farm of uncle, about eight miles west of Georgetown. Here we spent the winter as pleasantly and quietly as though war and war's alarm were absolutely unheard of things.

With the Spring, however, came the reports of the violent struggle going on between the North and the South. The tocsin had sounded in earnest and was reverberating along the mountains and

hills of the far off North, and along the valleys and o'er the plains of the once peaceful South. Its voice was calling to Southern sons and appealing to Southern chivalry, to speed to the defense of their much-loved country. Feeling it our duty to respond, we were again sworn into service; this time in Capt. Dalrymple's company, which was composed of 112 brave and sturdy young men.

Williamson county furnished our company with four four-mule teams and two two-horse teams and six wagons well loaded with sugar, flour, provisions, tents and cooking utensils. Each man in the company was also given an "Arkansas Toothpick"—a short sabre, made of the finest steel.

We chose our officers as follows: Dalrymple, Captain; A. J. Berry, first; D.M. Sloan, second; Jas. Williams, third lieutenant and Henry Hurschfield, orderly sargeant.

We were soon on the move, and with our chivalry on fire and our patriotism thoroughly aroused, headed for military headquarters at Dallas, Texas. We reached this point without anything of

interest transpiring, expecting to join Col. Darnell's regiment, but to our surprise, found eleven companies already assembled, one more than was allowed by military tactics.

At this juncture we were ordered to Witts Mill, on the Trinity river, some twelve miles from Dallas. We had been in camp at this point about a week when District Judge Ed Vontress, the man who had sworn us into the Confederate service, came into camp and joined our company as a private. The next day after his enlistment, Capt. Dalrymple called his men into line, made them a speech and resigned his office in favor of Judge Vontress, who was at once elected without a dissenting vote. Soon after this, orders were received to move to Plano, Texas, some twenty miles distant where we met Major Scott, who piloted us out a few miles on Spring Creek, to a camp of instruction. Here we found Capt. Lemons and his company, from Wise county, Texas.

During the two weeks of our stay here the drear monotony of camp life was broken by the pranks of the practical

joker; the wierd, melancholly or wild hilarior chants of the singer, the terpsichorean displays of the dancer and numerous other forms of diversion.

An incident occurred while here, the story of which will be related in the next chapter; that came near ending in a pitched battle between the companies of Captains Vontress and Lemons.

CHAPTER III.

THE Wise county boys had in their company a man who claimed to be a very fine dancer. His comrades took every occasion to eulogise his terpsichorean ability, greatly to the disgust of the Williamson county contingency, who also boasted a fine dancer. Finally the rivalry became so demonstrative that a bet was made as to which company held the champion artist. Two stakes were driven in the ground about two feet apart, and allowed to protrude ten or twelve inches above terra firma. On these two stakes was nailed a six inch board of uncertain length, on which the dancers were to give evidence of their ability.

Ulistus A. D. Wethersby, of Vontress' command was first called. He mounted this peculiar pedestal and gave some wonderful exhibitions of his art. The Lemons company man was next called.

Slowly he mounted the block, but after a few rather awkward steps he hung his toe over the edge of the board and fell, nearly breaking his neck. Cries of "foul, foul; that's not fair," and sundry others of like import were heard on all sides, from his friends. Disputations at once arose, hard words passed and some were caressed in no gentle manner by the closed fists of others, and, had it not been for the interference of cool heads, blood would doubtless have been spilled. However, a truce was patched up and the boys reminded that they were bearing arms to destroy Yankees and not each other.

Soon afterwards Maj. Scott ordered his two companies to move, and after a few days marching we reached Paris, Texas, where we had to stop on account of sickness in the command. We remained in camp here some four weeks, and when the men were able to move the order was given to march; our destination being a thing unknown to most of us. When this order was given, Capt. Lemons and his men seemed to have gotten all the war experience they wanted, and decid-

ed that they would go home. When informed of this decision, Maj. Scott ordered Vontress' men to fall into line in double quick, and rushed us in between Lemon's company and their wagons. Nothing daunted by this, however, Capt. Lemons ordered his men to mount their horses and fall into line, which was quickly done. The command: "right wheel, forward march," then rang out from Lemons' lips, and he and his men took their way toward home and safety, leaving us in possession of their wagons, tents and camp outfit in general.

Vontress' company, with the additional equipages surrendered by the dissatisfied company, was soon in motion in the direction of "the seat of war."

The tedium and monotony of the march were often relieved by those irrepressably ludicrous incidents that sometimes occur when least expected, and are worth all the more for this consideration. Capt. Vontress had a peculiar mania for saluting those who might happen to wish us God speed, especially if the salutation came from one of the softer sex. Very often a lady would appear in the door-

way and with that naivness peculiar to her sex, wave her dainty kerchief at the boys in grey. On seeing such demonstrations of loyalty and good will, Capt. Vontress would order three cheers to be given. One day the Captain saw something white waving from a doorway, some distance from the road, and he at once ordered the men to face into line and give three cheers. This was done with unusual alacrity, but when the order came to move on, the men seemed glued to their places, while they continued to give vent to the Texas yell with aggravating persistency. Just about this time Capt. Vontress discovered that the object of his defferential salutation was a female of exceeding ebony hue, and that the wind was waving her white apron. It is needless to add that such unnecessary salutations were not indulged in again.

We soon reached Boston Texas, where a young lady appeared on the balcony of a hotel, in front of which we had formed in line. She made a soul-stirring, patriotic speech, after which she presented the command with a beautiful silken

flag, dedicated to the Confederate cause. With profuse thanks for the sacred emblem, we again took up the line of march passing through Washington, Arkadelphia, Hot Springs and Benton; arriving at Little Rock, the headquarters of Gen. T. C. Hindman, who ordered us to cross the Arkansas river, which feat was accomplished on a pontoon bridge. We went into camp on the north bank of the river, feeling quite grand with 113 men, 13 wagons and various other equipages.

Up to this time it had been easy sailing with us; but alas! this easy time was not to last long. We had been here but a few days when Gen. Hindman sent orders over for two of our wagons and teams, which were given up reluctantly; and a short time afterward he took two more, at the same time piling our tents and camp outfit out on the ground. The men would walk around the plunder lying there on the grass and in the mud and roundly curse Gen. Hindman for robbing us. The company felt like it was broken up, with only nine wagons.

We were quite thankful when we received orders to go to White River, near

DuVal's Bluff, as we entertained the hope that perhaps it would put a stop to Gen. Hindman preying on us. In this, however, we were sorely disappointed. We camped the first night at Grand Prairie, and here Hindman took five more of our wagons and teams, leaving us only four. At this outrageous treatment the boys strenuously objected, and strong threats were made of leaving the command; in fact the officers found it no easy task to keep the whole company from going home.

When the company moved on next morning, I was sent to the hospital, very much against my will. I had remained at this so-called sanitarium for a short time only, when some one came to take my horse. I felt that I could not possibly part from my noble horse, so I said to the man who came for him:

"Say, I must water him first."

"No," he replied, "I will see that he is watered."

"I will water him myself," I answered
"He is a mustang and will throw you."

By dint of much persuasion and some
"bluff," I prevailed on him to let me

water my own horse. The water was in a bayou about a quarter of a mile off, but when I arrived at the place it looked like it was boggy, whereupon I concluded to hunt a better place, so that I could let my horse drink without getting him into the bog.

I think I must have traveled two miles without finding a place to suit me. By this time I had remembered that I had not bid any of my comrades good-bye, so I decided to hunt them up and tell them of the sights I saw in that wonderful Confederate hospital—facts that will not do to relate here.

CHAPTER IV.

After traveling all day across Grand Prairie, I called at the house of a farmer, at the east edge of the prairie, where I remained over night, pursuing my journey on the following morning. About ten o'clock I struck the main road, which I followed, and just as the sun was sinking in the west, I reached my company as they were pitching camps. All seemed surprised at my sudden appearance in their midst, and I was plied with innumerable questions as to why I had so soon left the hospital. I then gave them my experience in detail, and my comrades expressed wonder that I remained as long as I did.

The captain soon came in and said I had to go back to the hospital, that he was going to take my horse and send me back in an ambulance. This statement served only to frighten me very badly, and I sent my brother to tell the captian

that I would return by myself if he would let me ride my horse, a request he graciously granted.

Early next morning I took the road leading in the direction of the hospital and traveled about four or five miles. I thought I had gone far enough in this direction, so I left the main road and traveled in a northerly course, through the dense forest, without a road or guide. On and on I went through this dense wilderness, without any definite point in view, my only object being to escape the horrors of the hospital I had so lately left.

I continued in this direction until late in the evening, when I came to a good-looking farm, with everything about it in a prosperous condition. I called at the house and asked if I might stay all night, which request was readily granted. Next morning I made a statement of the facts in my case to the old gentleman, (his name was Harrison) who agreed to keep me until I was able for duty.*

I spent a month here as pleasantly as

*See When I Went Soldiering,

any I ever spent in my life; my health vastly improved, and I was beginning to regret the near approach of the time when I should be compelled to leave this hospitable home. One day a reconnoitering scout of 150 men, stopped at the house to get dinner and feed their horses, and on inquiry I learned they were on their return to the army at the place where my company was camped. So I bade a lingering farewell to Mr. Harrison and his charming family, and returned to camp with the soldiers. We traveled about fifteen miles and camped for the night, and next day, about the middle of the afternoon, we reached the command.

On looking around I found that Gen. Hindman had taken all of our wagons but one, and our camp equipments were lying scattered about over camp, and most of it looked like the ragged edge of hard times. Our company had been thrown in with that of Captain Morgan, forming a squadron, and Major Dick Morgan placed in command.

Early next morning after arriving in camp, the order came to saddle up and

fall into line. Capt. Vontress then made a stirring speech, telling us that we were going to Clarendon, on White river, to fight the gun-boats. After he got through he came to me and asked me when I had left the hospital. I told him I had not been to the hospital since I left camp, some time before; but had spent the time much more pleasantly at the home of a farmer. He then asked me if I wanted to go into the fight, and I told him it was my desire.

The command: "Right wheel, forward march," rang out on the still morning air from the lips of Maj. Morgan, and the column was soon in motion for the appointed spot on the White river. We had traveled some eight or ten miles from the old camp when we formed a junction with Gen. Joe Shelby's Missouri troops. This additional force greatly encouraged our boys, and we felt almost like we could whip Gen. Grant's whole army.

The command camped that night some four miles out from Clarendon, which town is situated on the White river. All through the night, the coarse

dismal whistle of the gun-boats could be heard up and down the river. We, however, maintained strict quiet, not wishing to alarm the enemy or apprise them of our proximity, as we decided to fall on them unawares.

For the first time I realized that I was about to meet the enemy, and it made me think of friends and loved ones at home and that perhaps I would never meet them again on this earth.

The order to move forward came early on the following morning, and we cautiously advanced to within half a mile of the river, where we halted and dismounted, leaving our horses in the rear under strong guard. We then went quietly forward until we reached the river bank; and here, to my surprise, was our six pieces of artillery. There was an old slough that ran near the river, leaving a narrow ridge, or back-bone, between that and the river. It was behind this bank that the artillery was placed, and a furnace erected to heat the cannon balls to throw into the passing vessels. The river being narrow and the banks high, we had ample protection from the shot

and shell of the boats from the fact that the range was too short.

The cannon balls were soon hot and all was in readiness for the expected attack. We did not have to wait long until we heard a boat coming from a short distance below. The cannon were run in position by hand and everything made ready. Presently the boat came slowly along, the port holes open, the men laughing and talking, little dreaming that danger was near, and that soon a galling fire would rake their vessel.

Suddenly our six guns turned loose their charges of solid shot with a crash that seemed to shake the earth. Then came the whistle of distress, which was answered both up and down the river, but the answer sounded a great distance away.

Some of the hot shot had penetrated the port-holes and disabled the machinery, the light combustibles inside were set on fire and a veritable conflagration was imminent. The soldiers on board being unable to stop the fire or man the disabled vessel, scrambled hurriedly on deck and hoisted the white flag. Gen.

Shelby ordered them to bring the boat ashore, but he was informed by the captain that her disabled condition prevented such a move, but if the men would go below he would throw out the cable so that they could tie her to a tree.

About 100 of our boys ran down to the bend, the boat was secured and the blue-coats rushed out to escape from the fire. During this time the fire had spread, and the vessel was now wrapped in a sheet of flame. We immediately sought the cover of the bank, and had hardly secreted ourselves when the magazine of the burning boat exploded with a crash like the thunders of ages descending in one bolt. When the magazine blew up such screeching as came from the rescuing boats, I never heard before; and we could tell from the sound they were getting closer.

We were immediately ordered to our horses, and, after reaching them, at once fell into line. Looking up the river we could see the blue-coats landing from the transports by the thousands. Gen. Shelby then rode along the line and told the men that what had happened was

but an introduction to what was coming. We then advanced about three hundred yards, while the artillery took a position on an eminence in our rear. In front of us the ground was broken and uneven affording an admirable stand for defense. Here we waited for the approaching enemy. Presently they came in sight, and Gen. Shelby rode along the line to encourage the men, telling them to keep cool, reserve their fire, obey orders; and a signal victory would be ours.

The Federals continued to advance in a solid phalanx, notwithstanding our artillery had kept up a hot, incessant fire on them all the time. But when they reached the broken ground immediately in our front, they became confused in crossing it. At this juncture we were ordered to charge. With a rush like an irresistible cyclone we swept through their broken and disordered lines, formed and charging back to our old position when our artillery renewed its galling, destructive fire. The fight raged with all that fury which characterizes determination on one side and bull-dog vim on the other.

The victory would undoubtedly have been ours had not the enemy been heavily reinforced. These fresh troops arriving just as they did, forced us to retire and leave them in possession of the field.

Our loss in this engagement was extremely light. They took no prisoners, and our wounded were carried from the field.

We now fell back to our camps; and, to our surprise, Gen. Hindman had taken our last wagon.

I was utterly prostrated by the excitement of the engagement, and was not able to take care of my horse, much less do camp, or any other duty. As soon as I had got somewhat better, Capt. Vontress came to me and told me that I was not able to do duty as a soldier, and that it was folly for me to attempt such a thing; that he was going to have me discharged from the service and sent home, where I could be taken care of. An ambulance then drove up and the captain told me to get in. I did so, and was driven to brigade headquarters, where the doctors, after a thorough and rigid examination, gave me a certificate

of discharge. I went back to camp, bundled up my traps, bade farewell to my brother and comrades in arms, expecting to meet the most of them no more on earth.

I then set out for Little Rock, which place I reached on the third morning.

CHAPTER V.

REACHING Little Rock I hunted up Gen. Hindman's headquarters and presented my discharge to him for his signature. After he had signed it I told him that I wanted to go up to Van Buren. He told me that he had given orders to let nobody go north or up the river, and he further informed me that it was very dangerous for squads of men to pass up the river, and one or two men would meet certain death, and he told me I must not attempt it.

I then went to the provost-martial and asked him for a pass back to my command, but did not tell him that I had a discharge. After quizzing me about what command I belonged to, he gave me a pass.

I then re-crossed the Arkansas river on the pontoon bridge, and after getting on the north side of the river, I took the road leading up the river instead of

going in the direction of my command. I had not gone far until I came in contact with our picket, who told me they had strict orders to let nobody pass out that way. I was afraid to show my pass for I would have been put under guard and sent to my command, so I showed him my discharge, but could not prevail on him to let me pass. I then went to the picket camp and saw the captain in command, told him my story and he told me how to go so as to miss the pickets. I did this by making a circuit around the picket, striking the road leading to Van Buren.

I took this road feeling happy over my success and the prospect of meeting the loved ones at home. The land of my nativity loomed up before me until I almost forgot my afflictions. I could picture father, mother, brothers and sisters coming to meet me and welcome me home.

It was on my second day's journey, about 10 o'clock, a. m., that I felt worried and sleepy, and the sun was so warm that I concluded to take a little rest, so I ascended a hill about 200

yards north of the road. Here I dismounted and tied my horse to a tree, unsaddled and made a bed of my blanket and a pillow of my saddle. I was soon in the land of dreams, and had slept an hour or two when I was awakened by the sound of horses feet.

I looked and beheld a troop of 75 or 100 men going west. It occurred to my mind that I could have company and protection on the way, not dreaming that this was not a Southern scout.

I hurriedly saddled up and struck out intending to overtake them, and I think I had traveled about half a mile, when a woman standing in a yard, which I was passing, asked me if I was a Confederate soldier. When I admitted the imputation, she told me that the squad of men that had just passed, was a band of murderers and robbers who had been committing depredations all over that country.

Then, to help me to avoid coming in contact with the band, she showed me a way through her field and directed me how to go to the home of Capt. Johnson, an officer in the Confederate army.

Capt. Johnson was at home and welcomed me heartily, after satisfying himself that my discharge was all right. He informed me that he would be at home about a week, and that I must not leave until he did so that he could pilot me out of the neighborhood. I readily accepted his offer and spent the week quite pleasantly, excepting the fact that we had to keep very close-in the house, or cane-brake. We might have had a nicer time if we could have had the liberty of shooting game, but this we dare not do.

It was with many regrets that I parted from Capt. Johnson's family, especially his pretty daughter. Their kindness will never be forgotten. The captain and myself left his home after dinner and traveled about 20 miles, stopping for the night with one of his friends. Next morning I parted from Capt. Johnson, never to meet him again.

I traveled on without being molested, hearing of murders and robberies every day, until after I had crossed Horsehead creek, when I heard a noise behind me, and looking back saw about a hundred

men who halted me and fired on me at the same time. As my business engagements would not admit of any stop at that time, I did not halt but put spurs to my horse and fled. I took to the brush with the enemy close on my heels, and we had a whipping race for about two miles, when they stopped and I congratulated myself on having won the race.

I traveled on through the mountains, keeping a westerly course, and had traveled five or six miles when I heard the baying of two hounds behind me. I listened; they came nearer and nearer and I was soon convinced that the deadly blood hound was on my trail.

What must I do? What could I do? My mind was soon made up that my only chance was in flight, so I fled away in a brisk gallop and kept it up for several miles, until my horse was getting fagged. Stopping and listening intently I could still hear the hounds, but they were a long way off and, to rest my horse, I rode on in a walk.

All at once the cry of the hounds ceased, and I concluded that they had

given up the chase. This made me feel comfortable again, so I traveled on leisurely for some time when, to my great surprise, they opened fire on me from my left and charged me at the same time; men, dogs and all. I fled to the north and we had another race for two or three miles, they keeping up a constant fire and the dogs in full cry. Here they stopped and my horse slackened his speed to take a breath.

Soon the dogs were on my trail again and I kept a close watch and traveled briskly, not wishing to be surprised again, for the bullets whistled uncomfortably thick and close to my ears. On reaching Frog Bayou, I took a road leading in the direction of Fayetteville.

Here they gave me another chase, lasting perhaps a mile, when they slackened their speed but still followed me. Now leaving the road and following up a canon, I ascended a high bluff on my left, hitched my horse about 100 yards away, crept up to the edge and looked over the bluff. Here came a man with the dogs about 50 yards ahead of the main squad. I let them pass, but when

the squad came opposite to me, I raised my gun, having previously inserted 18 buck-shot in each barrel, and let fly with both barrels. I then threw down my gun and ran for my horse, but the dogs had beaten me there and were coming to meet me. I shot both of them, mounted my horse and flew from that spot like the "old scratch" was after me.

I then went over on Cedar Creek and stayed all night at Uncle Billy Lester's, reaching home the next day about noon.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN I got home I found the people divided, some for the North and some for the south. This was in September, 1862.

Our family were strong Union people, and my father was accused of being an Abolitionist, and had it not been for the interference of D. C. Williams, Sutton F. Cottrell and others, of Van- Buren, we would have suffered at the hands of the Southern soldiers. As it was they took a good many of our best horses for the artillery, and foraged very heavily on us.

At this time the Federals occupied Fayetteville. Sometime in October they made a raid into our neighborhood, but did not come to our house. The first we knew of their approach was from our neighbors, who came rushing down the road on a dead run; some in wagons with such of their bedding and the like, as

they could get into the wagon easily, while others were on horses. Some carried feather beds and others bed clothes, pillows etc. Here they went pell-mell scared out of their wits, sometimes dropping a pillow, blanket, quilt or perhaps some wearing apparel; every now and then dodging out into the brush and hiding their burdens in a hollow log, tree or cliff.

It would have been an easy job to trail them by the things they lost. To illustrate, I will tell how two parties did.

My brother-in-law, John Vinsant, had moved to Uncle Billy Shannon's place, on Cedar Creek, and had come back on Lees Creek after a load of corn and his chickens. He stayed over night at father's house and got me to go and aid him in loading up, so he could start home early. The fact is he was afraid to go by himself. We loaded the wagon with corn; then went to the coop, caught and tied all the chickens when we heard a terrible noise, and here come men, women and children on horse-back and in wagons, running like they were scared

to death. We asked several of them what trouble was on their mind, before we could learn anything. At last a woman told us that the Yankees were back there just about a mile, and were "comin' here."

It was John Vinsant's time now to get scared. He gathered up about a dozen chickens, threw them in the wagon and started his oxen. I managed to get all the chickens in the wagon by running after him 50 or 75 yards. John was a great hand to holla at his oxen, but this time he drove off as silent as death. We had not gone far until the chickens began to flutter, and every now and then a chicken would flop out of the wagon, but John did not have time to pick them up, so the chickens were scattered, a rooster here and a pullet there, for several miles along the road. When John got home he did not have a single chicken left.

Another man was hauling corn up the Lees Creek mountain, and just as he got to the foot of the mountain, the refugees began to pass and told him the Yankees were back there just a short distance.

Then he took a scare and told one of his boys to drive up fast, and for the other to throw out corn; while he would go home and tell their mother to get ready to move to the woods. He had not gone far until he concluded he could not afford to lose a load of corn, so he called back to the boy to stop throwing out corn. Other parties in passing told him frightful stories of the Yankees, and he again ordered the boy to throw out corn. He had the boy stopping and throwing out corn alternately, until the load of corn was all out.

After leaving John Vinsant, I went back home. All along the road I found both bed and wearing clothes, pillows etc., that had been lost in the flight.

I then concluded to hunt up the Yankees and find out what they were doing. I found them after sundown, at the Natural Dam on Mountain Fork, where they had gone into camps near Net Fort's house. I hitched my horse, slipped up and took a peep at them. This satisfied my curiosity, for it gave me the "buck ager," so I mounted my horse and went home. As soon as my father learned

this, he advised me to put the Arkansas river between me and the Yankees, that if I stayed about home they would be liable to burn him out.

I did not tarry long but started on my way to Van Buren. Just as I was climbing the steepest part of Lees Creek mountain, men seemed to come up out of the ground all around me, presented their guns at me and asked who I was. I answered that I was a soldier. Then one of the men spoke up and said: He's all right, I know him. I knew his voice it was Harvey Low. Harvey then told them he was sick and that I knew the country as well as he did, so he was released as pilot and I was pressed in. By this time I found out that these men were the advance of Gen. McDonald's Missouri troops. I then piloted them to the Yankee camp, but they were gone.

We then took the Evansville road, and by the time we reached the top of Boston mountain, the chickens were crowing for day.

The major asked me if I had ever heard of a man by the name of Quantrell. I said I had. Then he asked me

what I thought of him. I told him I did not think he ought to be hung or shot, but tied to a stake and tortured to death by a slow fire. He then said he had orders to arrest Quantrell, and was gathering all the evidence he could against him, to be used in case he was caught and brought to trial.

By this time it was daylight and we had reached the north foot of Boston mountain, and the major asked me who I thought I had been riding with all night. I said, a nice Confederate officer, of course. He then said: what would you think if I should tell you that you had been riding all night long with the fellow you wanted to burn? I thought he was joking and said so. Several of his men spoke up and said he was Major Quantrell.

“What do you think now?” said the major. I replied that I thought he would lie, and his men would swear to it. He then told me to ask Gen. McDonald, which I did. His answer was: “Major Quantrell.”

I felt that my time had come and soon would end. I began to talk to the gen-

eral about the Yankees and to tell him all I knew about them and more too. He did not listen long until he ordered me to the advance. I did not go, so he ordered me again. Still I did not go. He then threatened to send me to the front under guard. This got a move on me and I lit out in a brisk gallop. The idea struck me that if the opportunity presented, I would give them the dodge, but the advance was not far enough ahead to give me a show to run, so I just pushed ahead as though nothing had gone wrong, though I felt sure that Quantrell would have me shot or hung. On reaching Quantrell's rear the men began to tantalize me and if one of them had punched me with his finger I would have fallen from my horse; my legs were so limber.

When Quantrell saw me he knew from my downcast appearance that I was sold out, so he began talking about the timber, the soil and the product of the soil. He continued the conversation quite pleasantly until after Evansville was passed. Here I told a great yarn to the major, complaining of being sick and

wanting to go home. He consented to my going and showed me the road to take, but cautioned me to get out of sight quick, for if Gen. McDonald saw me he would send for me.

At this I put spurs to my horse and fairly flew from there. As I left I could almost feel the bullets in my back, I was so sure they would shoot me in the back. But they did not.

CHAPTER VII.

I traveled rather an easterly course for several miles, so as to strike Boston mountain east of Cove creek, for I was afraid to go down Cove creek or west of it because there were certain parties in that region who had no good feeling for me. I soon turned south, and taking a path which lead across Boston mountain, I traveled on quietly until I reached the going down place on the south side, when I looked to one side of the road and oh horror! there about 75 yards from me were nearly 50 men; some on horseback and some dismounted. They fired on me without saying a word and I did not wait to be told to run. After about a three hours chase, I ran into Quantrell's camp on Cane Hill, a little prouder to get back to him than I was to leave him. My horse was completely fagged, and if I had not accidentally found Quantrell, they would have caught me sure.

Next morning I started for home again and Quantrell sent a scout with me as far as Natural Dam, which was within four miles of home.

My relatives had been very uneasy about me, as they had seen several people from Van Buren and could not hear of me.

Capt. Winn, a Missourian, arrived at our house about this time and told such scary tales that father and mother were afraid for me to try to stay at home. Capt. Winn was trying to make his way to Gen. McDonald's command and I concluded to go with him. We started after an early breakfast and reached the army about noon. They were still camped on Cane Hill, the place where I had left them. Quantrell saw me and called me his "burning young man."

Next morning, just as day was breaking and all were in bed, the roar of artillery and the bursting of bombs in the tops of the trees, aroused us and made us realize that the Yankees were close to us. In a few moments all was bustle and confusion, and before I got my horse saddled, Quantrell's men were in line

mounted and ready to meet the enemy. I was in the act of mounting when Maj. Quantrell rode up to me and said:

“Well, my burning young man, do you want to fight with us today?”

I said “yes,” and he dismounted and said: “Before you can fight with us I will have to administer an oath to you.” This has since been styled the “Black Oath.”

After taking the oath I mounted my horse and fell into line with Quantrell’s men. Capt. Winn had already fell into line with them.

Shall I tell you, dear reader, what I saw of the battle of Cane Hill? It possesses a perennial interest, yet it is so familiar.

We were awakened by the roar of artillery, the ominous sounds of which were unpleasant couriers of the day’s strife. Your toilet is not a heavy affair on the eve of a battle. You have only to put on your riding coat, buckle on your belt, rub your eyes and you are ready for the fray.

On this particular morning, all around us was bustle and hurry. To the fences

and tree boughs were affixed the horses of couriers and officers. Mounted men constantly went and came. A sullen gun, at intervals, mingled with the clatter of sabres and the sound of horses' hoofs.

There were only six regiments with which to hold at bay the hungry hoards opposing us—5,000 men against 12,000. A regiment would form across the road, meet the onslaught of the advancing army, fire and fall back in good order to the rear.

We were soon drawn up in line ready to engage the enemy. At that moment a long roar of musketry under the hill told that the battle was on. It steadily increased in intensity, but did not recede or approach—we were evidently holding our ground.

Long rows of glittering bayonets were soon seen hurrying to the attacking point. Quantrell's band of 150 men, tall, swarthy, cool and "spoiling for a fight;" rode rapidly in the direction of the firing. The roar of the guns was now near at hand—incessant, obstinate, and our lines were becoming demoralized by

the raking fire of grape, shell, canister and musketry; and the triumphant enemy was pressing forward with wild cheers and exultant yells.

Here I first discovered in Quantrell the supreme attributes of a military genius. He seemed to rise under pressure; and grow cooler and more invincible, as peril grew near. The air was full of balls, and the whole scene was one glare of musketry and cannon, and on all sides were heard groans, cheers and shouts of triumph or despair; but it was impossible to discern upon his face any traces of emotion. His movements were as measured and calm as if on parade.

In three minutes now the shock must come, I saw plainly; but Quantrell appeared as indifferent as though perfectly certain of the result.

We had been dismounted, our horses sent to the rear, and we were secreted behind trees, logs, rocks and everything else that would afford shelter. The enemy had taken a position on Cane Hill, and their artillery seemed to crown every knoll. They continued to pour a heavy fire of small arms upon the Southern

lines, and the only response was from six pieces of artillery. These were under the crest and engaged the Federal batteries at close range. The fire now became very heavy, with the enemy steadily advancing. If we were flanked we would have to either retreat or suffer capture.

They were within seventy-five yards of us when Quantrell exclaimed:

"Steady boys, steady. All's well."

A volley came from the enemy as he spoke. He ordered his men to fire. The true aim of his clan told on the advancing troops, and the Federals broke and retreated under cover of the high ground in the rear. There they reformed, and, under the influence of whisky and the persuasion of their officers, charged our position. Quantrell commanded his men to reserve their fire, cautioned them to coolness and said:

"Aim for the face, boys. A man with a slight wound in the face will not trouble you any more today."

On they came like mad. A hand to hand conflict was the result. Wild cheers rose from the men. The roar

seemed redoubled and all the furies seemed to be let loose. It was no longer a battle but a perfect pandemonium. In this wild turmoil men would raise on their elbows to cheer, the blood would spout from bosom or face, and with a gurgle and groan, sink back on the ground. Men never fought better, and as soon as one after another fell, his place was taken and they kept at their work like veterans.

And of Quantrell's men? In the thickest of the fight, with peculiar smiles playing over the bronzed and swarthy faces, uttering either exultant cheers or words of encouragement, they presented splendid pictures. The fire of the born soldier flamed in their regard, and their martial spirits rode, as it were, upon the wave of battle; rejoicing in the storm.

Six regiments were employed in staying the swarm of blue-coats that at first threatened to engulf us. They were deployed as follows: and for convenience we will number them one, two, three, four five and six. Each, within itself, was wholly inadequate to withstand the impetuous onslaughts of the enemy.

Number one was formed in line of battle across the road, and after receiving the charge of the Federal forces, would retire to the rear of number six. Number two then received the next charge, and likewise retired to the rear of number one. This consecutive forming and retiring was kept up all day long, until night put an end to the battle, and the sable curtain of darkness was in pity drawn over the field of carnage.

At about 10 o'clock, a. m., a ball struck the gallant Winn, and he fell to rise no more. Not a few will remember his patriotic gallantry on that day, and his zeal and bravery served as an impetus to many on that memorable occasion.

CHAPTER VIII.

OUR army fell back to Van Buren and I returned home, and remained there until the battle of Prairie Grove was fought. It was after night when I heard that Gen. Hindman's army was moving north, and knowing that the Yankees were camped at, or near Prairie Grove, I was satisfied that a battle was pending.

I made up my mind to start early the next morning, and when the sun was an hour high, I struck the road our army had traveled, on Cove Creek. By this time I could distinctly hear the rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon. I fully realized that a terrible battle was being fought.

I pushed ahead at a brisk gallop, and by 10 o'clock arrived in full view of the battle ground, looking from a high piece of ground southward from Prairie Grove, and oh! such a sight as met my gaze!

From my position I could see the ar-

tillery on both sides, they being posted on high ground. For a time the infantry could not be seen on account of the clouds of smoke hanging over the field. Finally the wind blew the smoke away, and I could distinctly see the positions of the infantry and cavalry on both sides.

Presently I could see the Federals advancing in solid phalanx, to the place where the Confederates were lying in line, just over the turn of a ridge. They advanced to within a short distance of the Rebels and charged with a yell and they seemed to mingle together. An immense cloud of smoke now arose, from which lightning seemed to flash incessantly. In a short time the Federals emerged from the smoke on a run, and soon disappeared in the timber on the creek.

The smoke soon cleared away and I could see the Rebels rallying, apparently for a charge. They soon began to advance, and when within a short distance of the timber I heard the "rebel yell," and they dashed in, disappearing from sight. From the rattle of musketry, I

knew there was a terrible battle being fought. It was soon over and the Rebels came out of the timber in full retreat.

They fell back about a quarter of a mile, and here they rallied and began making breastworks of a fence, by laying the outside corners down. By this time I could see the blue-coats emerge from the timber in solid phalanx. They advanced slowly and cautiously until they were in a short distance of the Rebel lines, when they charged with a yell.

Here another terrible conflict took place, but it lasted only a short time until the Federals were fleeing in all directions. They did not stop at the creek this time, but were rallied on the high ground beyond.

I then descended the hill and went over a part of the battle field where the last fight took place. The dead and dying were lying in heaps all over the ground.

Tongue cannot express the horrors of that terrible carnage, so I prefer to pass over the scene until eternity reveals it.

After the battle I returned home, where I remained about a week. One

morning father told me he felt like there was trouble in store for us, and said we had better keep a sharp look out. So we saddled our horses and tied them to posts at the front gate. We then went into the house to get our blankets, when we heard a great noise, and here came Caloway Capp running for dear life and out of breath. He could not talk for a time, but as soon as he could get his breath he told us to get away from there for the malitia were coming to kill us and, he continued: "If they see me here they will kill me too." Then he fled for life.

He was barely out of sight when the malitia came over the hill pell mell, at the top of their horses' speed. We ran to our horses and mounted, but I forgot to untie my horse from the post. Father had been more thoughtful and was now riding away at full speed, while I was fast to the post.

Here they came, shooting and yelling like wild demons. What could I do? "Cut the rope," rang in my ears. It seemed like it took an age to get my knife out of my pocket and cut the rope.

By this time the militia were within 20 yards of me. Now, dear reader, such running you have seldom seen. I outran them so badly on a mile race that they gave it up as a bad job and let me go.

Father had gone north while I fled south, and on account of my being delayed, made his escape quite easily.

I "laid out" that night in the forks of a big log, which I filled with leaves and trash. All night long the snow pattered on the leaves, and in my imagination I could hear the enemy talking. One would say, "let's shoot him," another would say, "let's hang him," and still another would say, "no, let us burn him at a stake."

By this time I could stand it no longer, so out I would pop from my nest only to find it to be all imagination.

After rambling around for some time in a vain effort to find the enemy, I would crawl back into my nest almost frozen, only to repeat this getting out, ever and anon, through the whole night long. After a wearisome night, which seemed to me a week long, daylight ap-

peared at last. From the position I occupied on the side of the mountain, I could see for some distance up and down the valley, but the enemy did not come in sight, so about an hour by sun I ventured home to get my breakfast and feed my horse.

Father had not yet returned, and as mother was very uneasy about him, I set out in search of him. After riding all over the country and searching in the most likely places for him, it occurred to my mind that he might have gone to a cliff of rock north of our field, known as the "Buzzard Roost."

On reaching this place I found he had staid there the night before but had left. I then turned toward home, expecting to find him there. On the way home I fell in with Dr. Sloan, of Evansville, Ark., who was going to our house.

We got there just after dark, fed our horses in a thicket and slept in some bushes and weeds in the orchard. We got up before daylight and slipped to the house and got our breakfast.

After we had finished our breakfast, we went out to our horses. Here he told

me that he had taken his two boys (say 12 and 14 years of age) out south of Ft. Smith and left them while he went back home to get his money that he had buried. He said he had succeeded in getting the money, and he wanted me to take it and deliver it to the boys.

The doctor then took off a belt which reached from his armpits to his hips, and poured the gold coin from it on the ground. I aided him in counting it. The amount was \$7,300.

He begged and plead with me to take the money and convey it to his sons; saying he was going to be killed and would never see his boys. I argued with him that I, being a soldier, was liable to be killed at any time; when he could pass unmolested, from the fact that a doctor is not considered as a belligerent in war. Finding that he could not prevail on me to take his money, he asked me to pilot him out of danger, to which I agreed.

We kept ourselves concealed all that day, and after night we started on what I considered the safest route. After traveling about six miles, the doctor

concluded he could make it alone, so I bid him good-bye and turned back.

On reaching home I found that the enemy had been there looking for me. Mother begged me to leave home, for it was getting cold and she argued thus: "It is too cold for you to lay out, and you will catch your death of cold, if they don't kill you."

CHAPTER IX.

I started at once for John Vinsant's, on Cedar Creek, and reached his home about 10 o'clock at night. John told me that father had been there and had been quite sick, but had got better and gone to Mrs. Vinsant's, on the Arkansas river below Van Buren. I then went to Mrs. Vinsant's where I found father able to be up, but still quite feeble.

Father was so uneasy about mother and the children that I started back home just after dark. I arrived at home about two or three o'clock in the morning, and found the family terribly scared for the same parties who had reported my father to the Confederate officers as a Black Abolitionist, had deserted the Confederate army and taken sides with the North. They had formed themselves into what they termed a "Malitia Company," and were now prowling over the country, robbing helpless women and

children, and killing old men and boys. Another told me that Dr. Sloan had not gone but a short distance after leaving me, when this militia mob captured him and took him to Widow Low's house, and kept him there until they found out he had the small pox. They then put him in an out-house and barred the door so he could not get out. I think this was sometime between December 15, 1862, and January 1, 1863.

After they had penned the doctor up, heavy snow fell and they would not venture in to make him a fire, give him a bite to eat or even a drink of water; but satisfied their consciences by punching the chinking out of a crack and putting some victuals through the hole on a board to him.

Finally, one morning he failed to answer when they called him. Then they waited a day or two before they unbarred the door. They found the doctor frozen to death. It seemed that he had crawled around on the floor, and not being able to get up on the bed; perished without anyone to speak a kind word or give him something to relieve his suffering in

the agonies of death.

After hearing this tale of suffering, and of the inhumanity of these brutes in human shape; I determined, if possible, to spoil their sport to some extent at least. So I went to a place on a steep mountain side, on what is called a bench. Here it seemed that in time there had been an upheaval of earth. There was a place sunk back next to the mountain about 30 yards long and deep enough to hide a dozen horses.

To this place I carried feed for my horse, and after getting all ready, I left my horse here and began to reconnoiter. I kept well to the mountain sides and watched for the enemy.

Late in the afternoon I came near Croff Rainwater's house, at the south end of Long Mountain, and from my position could see the house quite plainly. I did not wait long until Croff Rainwater and eight or ten of his clan, came to his house and put up their horses and fed them. I then fell back and took a position where I had a full view of John Fain's house.

I could see about 20 or 30 men at this

place, and about sundown they mounted their horses and rode off in the direction of Rainwater's house.

I then went back to my old stand to watch the Rainwater house, pretty soon Fain's crowd rode up and dismounted. Rainwater and his gang then saddled their horses, and the whole squad struck out with me after them, at a safe distance, however.

They first went to the house of Sanford Rainwater. Here I got in the chimney corner and caught their plans. They then visited Aunt Peggy Hill, whose husband had been taken north as a prisoner of war. Here they cut quite a swell and robbed the lady of bed-clothes, etc.

They next visited Hannah Bowen and Net Fort. At these houses I think they took two or three horses in addition to the household goods taken. They then went to Andrew Morton's, and here they were joined by Jess Morton, Bill Oliver and Bill Harness. Then the mob visited Widow Snider and did their dirty work.

Here they turned west, taking what was then termed "the new cut road,"

leading in the direction of father's house, which was about three miles distant. I was now perplexed, and not knowing what else to do, kept following on.

When near our house they stopped and parleyed a long time, then charged the house making all the noise they could. When they got there and found no men at home, they cursed and abused mother and the children, father and me, and said if they caught us they would kill us. I could hear what they said for I was close by in a corner of the fence. It was now about two or three o'clock in the morning, and after taking a lot of clothing, etc., they left.

My brother, Marion, was now 16 years of age and still at home. They threatened to take him away with them, and would I believe, had it not been for the interference of Jess Morton.

After they had gone I induced Marion to go with me, which he readily consented to do. So after he got his arms (which were then hid) rubbed them up and loaded his old double barrel with a double charge and buckled on his navy, we set out.

We found them at John Fain's, and slipped into the chimney corner to listen. Such bragging about their booty, and how they intended to do in the future, is simply unreasonable to tell. However, they agreed to go and burn the dwellings of John Vinsant and Harvey Trower.

This was enough for us. We set out in the direction of Vinsant's, but before getting there we came to a rivulet which crossed the road, and there being heavy timber enough to make it quite dark, we decided this was the spot for us.

We soon heard them coming, and, secreting ourselves behind trees, awaited their approach. The sound of horses feet came nearer and nearer and thump-a-thump went my heart, and I could hardly keep it out of my mouth, and such shaking! I have concluded that it was a case of "buck ager."

We let them pass, and just as the hindmost men passed we stepped out in the road, leveled our old shot guns just above their horses' backs and turned loose the contents of the four barrels at once. Instead of the bitter oaths they

had been uttering, we could hear the cry "Lord have mercy," and so on, and it was a sight the way they run.

I suppose they forgot to burn the houses as they passed, but I had to excuse them as they were in a hurry.

CHAPTER X.

WE reached home just before daylight and found mother badly scared and she persuaded Marion to go to brother Henry and join the regular army. He agreed to go, so after asking mother to pack Marion's clothes, we went back to my hiding place.

We did not stay here long, but set out to reconnoiter, going onto Long Mountain and watching Fain's and Rainwater's houses alternately. We could see men slipping in and out at both these places. They were not so bold as they had been.

Late in the afternoon we concluded to go home and get something to eat and Marion's clothes; so we went down Long Mountain near the north end and crossed Lees creek, striking the mountain on the west side, just north of the Stone farm. We went nearly to the top of the mountain and then proceeded north. It was now about sundown, and we pro-

ceeded cautiously for some distance, when suddenly Marion caught me by the arm and pointed in front of us. Only about 75 yards from us, on the edge of a high bluff, sat one of these devils, with his feet hanging off, watching our house.

He seemed to be interested to that extent that he failed to see or hear us. Here, dear reader, I took the 'buck ager' again, but my trusty old gun did not, and perhaps this fellow turned to an angel as he sailed over the bluff. He ought at least to have been in better business than robbing, and I am inclined to think he quit the business that day. Here I made the third notch.

We then went to my den, which was only about a half mile away, and taking my horse down the mountain, we tied and fed him in a thicket and went home.

After supper mother urged us to leave, and I tell you it did not take much persuasion to get us to go.

We started early and went to John Vinsant's and stopped for the night. Next day we kept pretty close, staying the second night at Vinsant's. Next

morning Marion went on his way to join the army, where he could be with brother Henry; and I, having given my horse to Marion, turned my course afoot toward Lees creek.

Some may think it strange that I did not keep Marion with me. I did not persuade, or even ask him to stay, for the reason that he was liable to be killed and me blamed for it.

I slipped through the mountains cautiously, reaching Long Mountain at noon on the 25th of January, 1863. Here I watched the Rainwater and Fain houses alternately until the middle of the afternoon when I got awfully hungry, so I took the line of march again for home, but did not cross the creek this time for fear I would see another angel; nor did I go to my old hiding place but selected a new place of observation, from which I had a fair view of home and also up and down the valley.

From this point I kept a close watch out until dark, and not having seen anybody astir except women and children, I ventured home. Mother had not been bothered since I left and thought the

gang had gone to Fayetteville. Mother now urged me to go and see father and get me a horse to ride.

After night I went to John Vinsant's, and next morning I got him to let me have a horse and go with me to his step-mother, Mrs. Vinsant. We reached Mrs. Vinsant's about noon, finding all well except father who was still feeble.

Late that evening Jim, Buck and Tom Vinsant, George Foster and Jim Hill drove up with two wagons, some negroes and a lot of stock. They were taking them south, out of danger and father said I must go and take ours.

The Arkansas river was to cross, the waters high, no ferry-boat and as cold as—blazes.

We made a raft and floated most of the things over and swam the stock across. After a great deal of patience and hard work, we got everything over safe on the south side of the river.

We then started south with two wagons and teams, the wagons well loaded, and about 65 head of stock, mostly mares, young horses and mules. I rode Marion's young mare. Our company

consisted of the following persons: Jim, Buck and Tom Vinsant, George Foster, Jim Hill, father and myself; also two negro teamsters. John Vinsant went back home.

The first night out it turned warmer and began to rain, and it rained a slow, drizzling rain for two or three days, but we kept traveling on, bogging down and prying out.

We went as far south as Waldron, in Scott county, Arkansas; then turned down the Fourche la Pave river.

After going about 20 miles in this direction we called a halt late one evening at a house, and got permission to stop for the night, in fact the good people turned over a room to us.

Presently in came two long, lank, lantern-jawed, taller-faced fellows; dressed in copersy pants, red russett shoes and round-a-bouts. Each had on a coon-skin cap, the tail of the coon hanging down their backs, and the skin of the coons head answering for a rim to the cap.

These fellows kept coming in one or two at a time until there were about a

dozen of them, all dressed alike, coon-skin cap and all. By this time we had become alarmed, so we all went out to the lot as if to see about our stock, and while out we all uncapped our pistols, picked powder in the tubes and put on fresh caps. We then went back to the house only to find the number of men doubled, and quite as many women collected at the house. We were very badly scared now, but about this time a young woman came to the door of our room and said:

“You’ns needent ter be askeerd, ca’sse we’uns is goin’ to have a frolic.”

And they did. In came a woman dressed in home-made copersy, red russett shoes and trimmings. She held in her hand an old clap-trap of a fiddle with three-strings and a bow with about three horse hairs in it. She took a seat in a corner and began tuning. Presently she struck out on a tune called “Rye Straw” and cried out:

“Git yer pardners,” and this being quickly done, she called out: “Every feller to his punchin.”

That “frolic”—I cannot describe it.—

still makes me weary to think of it. They soon asked us to take part with them, which was accepted by some of the boys, and the dance and 'Rye Straw' was kept up until daylight.

I think this was about February 10, or 12, 1863. Next morning we rented a house and pasture, bought corn and moved to our new quarters. We had not been here long when Marion's mare got crippled so badly that she was unfit for use, and this left me afoot again.

About this time Buck Vinsant and Jim Hill left us to rejoin their command which was in Louisiana at this time.

All went well until about February 25, when to our surprise, John Vinsant rode up on a pony little larger than a Newfoundland dog. He told a terrible story of how these robbers who called themselves "malitia," and the Pin Indians were robbing women and children, and how brutal they were.

Tom Vinsant and I determined to go to the aid of our people, and we were soon ready for the journey. Father did not want me to go, for he said if I went I would never see him again. Soon after

breakfast we had John's dog pony packed and when all was ready to go father began to cry and beg me not to leave him. Jim Vinsant assured him that he would be taken care of, but this did not satisfy him and he followed us half a mile begging me not to go; but I told him I must go and take care of mother and the children.

He bid me good-bye and said; "My son, you will never see me again." I thought he feared for my life, having no idea he was alluding to his own death.

CHAPTER XI.

WE traveled on all day and the shades of evening were coming on when, foot-sore and weary, we drove some distance off the road and camped in a deep hollow. Next morning about 10 o'clock we passed through the village of Jenny Lind, and when we came in sight we saw no less than 75 or 100 men. We could not tell which side they belonged to. The boys proposed for us to run, but I said this would not do. So we went ahead, passing through without speaking to them or they to us, and on we went unmolested.

We reached the Arkansas river about sundown, and got Mr. Campbell to set us across. On arriving at Mrs. Vinsant's she told us that my mother had moved to John Vinsant's. She also told me that the militia and Pin Indians went to my mother's house and robbed her of everything they could find, taking all

the clothing and bedclothes they could get. They emptied eight feather beds in the house and yard and took the ticks. They went to where mother had buried her kitchen and table articles dug them up and carried them away. They killed all the fowls and hogs that were fat enough to eat, took them to Rainwater's and had them served up in a style best known to themselves.

During the robbery one of these fellows found a piece of jeans belonging to my mother, and she prevailed on him to divide with her; so they cut it in two pieces. Mother rolled up her part, and to protect it, was holding it under her right arm, when two of the villians came up behind her and one of them took hold of the roll and gave it a pull which turned her partly around and the other struck her over the right eye with his pistol, knocking her senseless, cutting a fearful gash.

After recovering from the blow, to save what she could, mother had moved from home to become a wanderer.

Next morning John and I took the Van Buren road afoot. After walking

two or three miles we met Will Howell, a lad of a boy, in front of a house. Here we stopped and Will was telling us the news, when suddenly the house door partly opened and then closed with a loud noise that attracted our attention. Every little bit the door would open slightly, then close with a bang. This made us uneasy, so we took a by-path leading through the bottom.

We had traveled about a mile when we heard a noise behind us. There being switch cane on all sides, it was an easy matter for us to hide, which we did at once. Here came 12 or 15 of the fellows I had contended with on Lees creek and who had helped to rob and abuse my mother and sisters.

We gave them a salute which, I think, converted two of them. Here I filed notch number six on the barrel of my pistol.

We then made our way through the cane, and keeping shy of all roads, reached home about the middle of the afternoon. We stayed at home two days arranging things and hiding trunks etc., in a cave, east of Cedar creek, on a

steep mountain side. On the evening of the second day Tom Vinsant arrived, and next morning he and I set out to find Captain Beal and Frank Whitehead who, we learned, were in the neighborhood. Tom had secured a horse but I had to go afoot.

We went to the old man Whitehead, about four or five miles distant. The old man was palsied so that he had to be wheeled about in a chair prepared for that purpose. It took us some time to convince the old man that we were all right, but finally he told us to go out back of the orchard and wait, and he would see if the boys were in the country. After getting back of the orchard, a little girl passed out near us and disappeared through the brush.

As yet there were no leaves on the timber, it being early in March, and the worst thickets seemed terribly open to us. Finally someone gave a keen whistle near us, then another on the other side. Then they whistled on all sides, but we could see nobody. The whistling came nearer and nearer, and soon I saw the side of a face peering out from be-

hind a tree. I could stand it no longer, so I called out to know who it was. In reply he said: "Eli Oliver. Who are you?"

I answered "Bill Black and Tom Vinsant." "One of you come out and meet me," he said. I met him and then, at a signal, 15 men came forward, and such a hand-shaking as we did have!

"Get your horses," said Capt. Beal. Tom got his horse and went with Rich Oliver, and I, being afoot, went with the others who piloted us to their rendezvous.

This rendezvous was some six or seven miles southeast of Natural Dam on Cedar creek. It was an almost impregnable fortress of solid stone, back of which was a cave of large dimensions, which contained the bed-clothes, not only of the boys, but many citizens had brought their household effects there for safety.

Besides these, it contained forage for the horses; corn, oats and fodder; besides bacon, lard, flour, meal and other articles of food.

Soon after our arrival here, and after

partaking of a hasty but hearty dinner, we buckled on our arms and started on a raid into Washington county, in search of Tom Wilhite and his band of renegades, who at this time was a veritable terror to the Southern people, and did not even hesitate to make his ostensible friends victims of his rapacious greed, if occasion demanded.

We left our rendezvous about 3, p. m. and after traveling all night, and learning with absolute certainty the exact location and disposition of the opposing forces, we quietly crawled up to within a short distance of their camp. Some were sleeping, others chatting and smoking, and yet others playing cards.

Just after daylight we made a furious and determined attack, taking them wholly by surprise. The wildest disorder ensued, and they ran in every direction like stampeded stock. We were soon among them, dealing death from the ever ready six-shooter. I filed notches number seven and eight on my revolver.

This attack virtually broke up this gang of terrors, they were so thoroughly

scattered and frightened, and that, too, in their fancied stronghold, that they were never again reorganized; although it was attempted, as will soon be related.

We captured all their stock, and on our return to camp, the horses were put up and sold at auction, one of which I bought, and was thus remounted.

CHAPTER XII.

AFTER resting for a day or two we concluded to scout in the vicinity of Van Buren and Ft. Smith. We were soon on the way, and after passing Dripping Springs we met Capt. Mose Edwards, a Cherokee, and his company. Captain Edwards said he wanted us to go with him on a raid against the Pin Indians, and gave as his reason that either company alone would be unable to combat them. To this we agreed, and changing our course, we went into the Cherokee Nation.

We moved cautiously and slowly until within a short distance of their camp, when we charged them; killing 15 and completely routing the balance. This took place near the old Mission. Here I filed notch number nine. We then fell back to camp.

We soon heard that Tom Wilhite was back in his old haunts trying to recruit

and gather his old company. We left camp just after dark and traveled all night reaching Andy Sharp's house just before daylight. Failing to get any information we went through the woods to old man Wilhite's, stopping a short distance from the house to consult as to our best course to proceed.

The boys had all dismounted and were holding their horses when suddenly Tom Wilhite rode out of the brush into the road, and before anyone had time to think, Frank Whitehead whipped down his old rifle and fired. At the crack of the gun, Wilhite jumped over his horse's head, then ran and jumped the fence into his father's field. About a dozen of the boys ran after him, all scaling the fence except Eli Oliver, who stopped and laid his pistol on the fence and fired. At the crack of the pistol Wilhite careened to one side and slowed his pace. Bill Sharp caught up with him by the time he reached the middle of the field, and ordered him to halt, drop his pistols and throw up his hands. Wilhite stopped, turned round and answered that he was a gentleman, raising both hands a

little. Sharp repeated his order and Wilhite gave the same reply, so Sharp told him if he did not drop his pistols he would shoot him. Wilhite made the same reply as before still slightly raising his hand. Then Sharp shot him between the eyes. Thus ended this gang of terrors.

On our return, by a misunderstanding we got separated, and about 14 of us concluded to go back by the way of Evansville. About 7 or 8 miles west of Cane Hill we met Capt. Shannon, my cousin, who told us that about 40 Pin Indians and their squaws were robbing houses about a mile from us. After some parleying we concluded to break them up in their business.

We approached the house cautiously until within 100 yards of them. They had not yet discovered us, being so busy carrying out bacon and household goods and tying them to their saddles. With a yell we charged into their midst, shooting them right and left. They did not show but little resistance, but mounted their ponies and fled, cutting their booty loose as they run. We persuaded 13 of

them to quit robbing. Here I filed notch number ten. After we had had things our own way for about a mile these Indians turned the corner of a fence and fell off of their ponies like they had been shot. They then poked their old squirrel rifles through the cracks of the fence and began to pop at us. It was now evident that our time had come to "git up and git;" and we got.

Most of our boys were riding mules and they were nearly "fagged out." When we saw that matters had taken such a peculiar turn and so decidedly against us, too, we hastily concluded that

"He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day,"

and we endeavored to leave the late pursued in the rear, as they became the pursuers. Our mules concluded they had gone far enough, and one after another seemed to become imbued with the idea that he would rather be captured by Pin Indians than ridden by retreating rebels.

With the proverbial obstinacy of these creatures, one after another would sud-

denly stop, his rider would hastily slip from the saddle and seek cover in the dense undergrowth at the roadside.

The chase had lasted for perhaps a mile when suddenly the horse Rich Oliver was riding, tumbled over pinning Oliver down by a leg. I quickly wheeled my horse so as to keep the Pins at bay until the prisoner could extricate himself from his perilous situation, when the noble animal I bestrode received a ball from the gun of a pursuer, and fell dead in his tracks. Oliver, who had in the meantime released himself, and I, immediately took to our heels, and did not stop under two miles.

We were some 25 miles from our rendezvous, but wearily we made our way thither on foot. That night and next day we all succeeded in coming together again at our den, and compared notes. We found that every horse and mule had been killed or captured except the one rode by Capt. Shannon.

On arriving at our camp we found a number of new recruits, among them were Jim Vinsant and George Foster.

It will be remembered that my father

had been left in the care of the two above named, as his health was bad. They reported that after I left he had very much improved and that they had left their effects in his care, and believed him able to take care of himself, and that he was on the road to permanent recovery.

This was good news to me and I felt as if a great burden had been lifted from me. The state of my father's health had all along been the one dark shadow that had hung like a pall over me, but now that he was reported so vastly improved I felt as light hearted as though no trouble could ever again cause the tear of sorrow to rise to my eyes. But alas! how deceptive are the human hearts! How often the rivulets of consolation that flow with such seeming healing, are but precursory of the burning, blighting sorrow that is to follow. Like the pearly dew drop that froze on coming in contact with the iceberg, so did the pleasing news of my father's good health congeal when touched by the blasting act of atrocity and crime, that was now related to me.

On the day of our fight with the Pin

Indians, a band of robber malitia, accompanied by a number of the worse Pin Indians, made a sudden descent on the peaceful home of my mother. My brother-in-law, Harvey Trower, captain of a Confederate company;—hearing of the indignities to which a number of families had been subjected, had come home to see after the family. On the morning following his arrival, the clatter of horses' hoofs rang out on the still air and this band of Indians and malitia were seen charging the house.

Trower made a hasty exit through the rear door and started on a run across a large field. He was soon espied and pursued by the Pins. Seeing the impossibility of escape, he stopped and started back to meet his pursuers, who at once surrounded him, with fiendish cries of savage delight which can be uttered alone by them. Trower gave a masonic signal which was responded to by one of the Pins, who ordered the others to desist from their murderous intentions.

They then returned to the house, but the act of mercy just done did not compensate for the hideous atrocities com-

mitted on the defenseless women of that household, and the white men seemed to vie with and even outstrip the Indians in their acts of wickedness and diabolism.

My eldest sister, Trower's wife, had a quilt of which she was very proud. One burly ruffian decided to possess the article, but my sister vigorously disputed his right to take it. She resisted with all her power and the fellow hadn't sufficient strength to take it by brute force. Chagrined by his disappointment, he seized a shot gun and aimed both barrels at the woman's breast; but some of the gang standing near, struck the gun up just as it exploded, saving her life. However, the charge cut a lock of hair from her head.

My younger sister had her rings on her fingers and her ear-rings in her ears, thinking this the safest place for these valued trinkets. One of the gang, with more savagery than manhood, clasped her in his iron grasp, choked her to insensibility and with his teeth stripped the rings from her fingers. Then seizing the ear-rings he tore them from their

place in her ears. After glutting their savage vengeance, and stripping the house of all its belongings, they took their departure.

Is it any wonder that the recital of this story aroused in me all the hatred of which I was possessed? Do you censure me for desiring to be revenged on the perpetrators of these dastardly crimes? Is it a wonder, then, that the slumbering fires of sectional animosity had burst forth with the fury of personal enmity? Who can blame if I took a solemn oath to never rest satisfied until these fiends had received such punishment as the blackness of their crimes so justly merited.

CHAPTER XIII.

WITH a heavy heart I immediately repaired to my mother's house, attended by Captain Beal and his company. We decided that the best thing for the family to do under the circumstances would be to get out of the neighborhood at once. We secured transportation, and I accompanied mother on a southern exodus; while the company returned to camp.

On arriving at Van Buren I met Mr. Jesse Turner, whom I had known from childhood, and always regarded as my friend; and asked permission to occupy one of his numerous vacant houses for the night. In gruff tones he told me he did not allow such unprincipled scoundrels as I to occupy his houses.

This rebuke, stinging as it was, would have passed unheeded by me, had I been seeking shelter for myself alone, but it was for my homeless mother and sisters

that I sought the comforts of a roof, and his unfriendly, inhuman repulse sent the hot blood surging in fury through my brain, and had it not been for the interposition and pleadings of my mother, this unfeeling man would not be enjoying the comforts of life today.

Disappointed and discouraged we crossed the river at Van Buren and soon reached the east edge of Mazzard prairie, in Sebastian county, at a point known as the May place.

Here we found a house occupied by a German family, and took possession at once by buying their right of occupancy.

After seeing them as comfortably situated as possible I set out on my return to the rendezvous, and reached there without any serious mishap occurring.

Next morning after my arrival in camp the boys were thrown into a state of wildest excitement by the appearance of a scout who reported a regiment of Federals not a half mile distant. Preparations were at once made for the defense of our fortress, and in a few minutes the enemy came in sight. They formed a line of battle not 200 yards from us, and

after several curious and mysterious maneuvers, left us as quietly as they had come. We at once decided that "Cave Camp" was no longer tenable, and as preparations were already in progress for a raid against the enemy, it was decided to permanently abandon the old camp.

The militia and Pin Indians had taken a position at a stronghold on Mountain Fork, and openly boasted that they intended to hold that creek against all comers, and it was for the purpose of driving these marauders out, that this raid was contemplated.

We left "Cave Camp" after nightfall and took to the ridge which separates Cove Creek and Mountain Fork; traveling as silently as possible. We reached the Boston mountain, at the head of Mountain Fork, before daylight; and stopped a short while to rest our weary horses.

Then came a chase of about seven miles in length full of excitement. The pass below, now strongly guarded, was supposed to be the key to the upper portion of the creek, If an attack was

made, it was thought it would come from the direction of our old camp, therefore, many of the gang had gone to their homes, feeling perfectly secure. Therefore when we charged down upon them like an avalanche, dealing death and destruction on every side, they were taken wholly by surprise. It was a veritable running fight. At every house we found from one to six men, and the deadly revolver did fearful execution.

Down the creek we went at breakneck speed, making a mighty effort to reach and surprise the guarded pass before news of our presence could be borne to them. We were successful. When we dashed in among them they ran like sheep, seemingly utterly demoralized.

We did not lose a man in this raid, but the enemy lost 14 in killed and about the same in prisoners, besides a number wounded. I filed notches number eleven and twelve.

This raid effectually drove them from this part of the country, and broke up the gang for the time being. After having done them all the mischief in our power, we fell back to the vicinity of

Beaver Pond, near Cove City, and pitched camp.

Here we had a good long rest. Our camp life at "Camp Beaver Pond" was not without incidents of a character to afford amusement and diversion. The peculiar witticisms, the ludicrous songs, the grotesque, assumed fear of a few, and the pleasant badinage of others; kept the camp in a hilarious state at all times.

Soon after taking up our camp here, it was announced that a wedding was soon to take place, and that the contracting parties were Eli Oliver, of the company, and Miss Med Snider, an estimable young lady of the neighborhood.

Such was the interest in the coming nuptials that Capt. Beal drew his men in line and requested the attendance of every one. It will be remembered that I have already related that Jess Morton and others of his gang were slyly staying about his father's home, and the wedding was to take place not more than three miles from his house. I conceived it to be a veritable death trap, as a dance was to be given after the ceremony, and

the boys would be given over to revelry instead of guarding against surprise.

Consequently I refused to go. Again I was ordered to go, and again I refused. I rode out of line and called on all who did not intend going, to come with me. one man, Tom Vinsant, responded, and we rode away.

To show how well my fears were founded, I will relate the circumstances which followed. The marriage was duly solemnized, with the company in attendance. "Then there came a sound of revelry by night" and the boys gave themselves up to pleasure. Suddenly the sharp crack of the rifle and the ping ping of bullets were heard, and the enemy was among them. Taken wholly by surprise, the boys were scattered, leaving several dead and wounded. Not a shot was fired in return. It was an instance of utter route and demoralization. Tom Vinsant and I were soundly asleep in our bed at mother's home when this occurred.

After remaining here quietly resting for a few days we started on our return to camp. When we reached Van Buren

we found Lieut. Crawford, of Buck Brown's battalion, who told us they intended to make a raid on Washington and Benton counties, and wanted us to pilot him through the country, to which we agreed.

On our way, near Dripping Springs, we met John Baker who accompanied us. When we reached Sanford Rainwater's, we stopped to forage and get something to eat. Rainwater was put under arrest to prevent his giving warning to the Pin Indians and malitia. I went into the house and was standing near the door when John Baker came in and turned round to take a gun down from over the front door. Mrs. Rainwater came in at the back door with an axe in her hands. When I looked again she was in the act of striking Baker on the head with the axe. I quickly knocked the axe up with my gun and stopped the force of the blow, but not enough to prevent the axe from inflicting a serious scalp wound, which extended from the top of his head to his eyebrow. Baker jumped out at the door, pickid up his gun and aimed to shoot the woman with

both barrels. I knocked the gun up just as he fired, thus saving her life. He then began to load his gun, and swore he would kill Rainwater. I went out into the yard where Rainwater was under guard. Presently Baker came up and told Rainwater that he had come to kill him. I told Baker that he should not, that if he killed Rainwater I would kill him. About this time Baker fainted and the doctor dressed his wound.

Tom Vinsant and I left them here and returned to Camp Beaver Pond.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE boys had nearly all returned after the disastrous flight from the deadly bullets of Jess Morton's gang on the night of Eli Oliver's wedding, and were, of course, burning for revenge. Accordingly, Rich and Eli Oliver and myself planned a raid on the home of Morton, which was some six or seven miles distant, believing we could capture him.

We set out at night on foot, reached the vicinity of the house and ensconced ourselves behind bushes on the hillside just across the road, and something like 150 yards distant. Patiently we waited for some one of the gang to make his appearance. Morton had placed an old negro woman on picket duty, to guard against surprise. About daylight one of the boys began to move about, and was immediately discovered by the old negress, who gave the alarm by giving vent to a sharp yell.

We charged the house, knowing by this evidently preconcerted signal, that Morton and perhaps others were in the house. After surrounding the premises, imagine our chagrin to see Morton flying across the field at least 400 yards away.

It being impossible to overtake him, we gave it up as an unsuccessful attempt and returned to camp.

We at once reported to Capt. Beal our absence and its object, and it was immediately decided to make a second raid, with the whole company, on the second night following our attempt. At the designated time, the company set out on foot. Arriving at the place we quietly took positions along the same hill on which the Olivers and I had hidden. At daylight word was passed along that a man was seen in the house, and the order was given to charge.

Down the hill we went in a mad, wild rush, hoping to capture the whole band before they could escape. Again we were doomed to disappointment, for the house was empty. Just back of the house, about 150 or 200 yards, was an old slough, along the banks of which was

a dense growth of underbrush. While we were biting our tongues in disappointment, and consulting as to the best manner to proceed now, we heard the sound of horses hoofs, and turning in the direction of the thicket, beheld Morton and four or five of his companions riding away at breakneck speed.

Of course it was useless to follow, and for the second time he had slipped through our fingers.

Some one now discovered the old negress, who had previously acted as picket, slowly approaching the house from the direction of a recently threshed straw stack. She had turned the fence corner and was nearly in our midst before she discovered us.

With a scream of alarm she turned and fled in the direction from which she had come, hotly pursued by some of the boys. They drew their pistols and threatened her with instant death if she made an outcry.

The straw stack was then searched, and cosily reposing in its amber depths was found Morton's brother-in-law, Bill Harness, and his wife. Harness was

told that he might have the honor of accompanying us to our camp. He, of course, reluctantly complied, and we started on our return.

On the road, Harness managed to make his escape, but it was reported later that he had been found somewhere in the hills, looking at the limb of a tree up a rope. Whether this be true or not I cannot say, but I never saw him afterwards.

After the excitement that naturally followed this raid, Capt. Beal decided it best to break camp for a few days, so that in the event of an attack on us, we would be absent when the party reached our camp.

About this time the company under command of Jake Yoes and Johnson was creating havoc and consternation among the Southern families of Washington county, therefore we determined to surprise them and demolish their organization if possible.

Consequently, we broke camp early next morning, and taking the Van Buren and Fayetteville wire road, traveled at an easy gait until we had crossed the

Boston mountain, and reached a place called "Hog Eye." Here we met a woman on foot, crying and wringing her hands. On being questioned, she told us that on that very morning, Jake Yoes and Ben Johnson's company had captured three paroled Confederate soldiers and shot them to death, at no great distance from where we they were, and that she had just come from where the bodies lay.

We asked her to pilot us to the spot and she readily complied, and we were soon where three stiffening corpses were lying, with glassy eyes turned up to the sky.

A murmur of indignation ran through this throng of rough, bearded men, at his atrocious act. For command or independent company to kill defenseless paroled soldiers, was an act of wickedness for which no punishment was too severe. We dug a hole and rudely buried the unmourned dead, doubtless heroes of many bloody fields.

During the interment, the woman had promised the assistance of her daughter in locating the camp of these men's mur-

derers. We furnished her with a horse, and she set out on her perilous journey. About nightfall she returned and reported the enemy encamped on a small hill, near a house about ten miles distant.

We at once started for their camp, riding cautiously to prevent warning them. We halted within a half mile of their camp, and sent out a number of scouts to report their exact location.

About daylight a courier came in and announced that the enemy had already begun to stir, and that they were congregating at the house for breakfast.

A small clump of trees and bushes stood about 100 yards in front of the house, and we rode up to this very slowly.

The enemy, wholly unaware of danger lurking near, were chatting, laughing, joking, some eating, some washing for breakfast while others were idly loitering about the premises.

The house was situated in a yard of good dimensions, back of which was a plum orchard, and to the left of the orchard was a field. Surveying the situation for a moment; we charged at full

speed, uttering the unearthly "Rebel Yell." Taken wholly by surprise, they seemed rooted to the spot until we were right among them dealing death on every hand. It was then they sought cover in the orchard, hotly pursued by our boys.

Seeing a single individual diverge to the left and start for the field, I put spurs and followed him. Eli Oliver rushed up to the fence on foot, leveled his pistol at the fleeing figure and fired. at the report the fugitive careened, but kept on his headlong flight. My horse had by this time taken the fence and I was rushing upon the runner. I drew my pistol and as its report rang out on still morning air, he fell to the ground, threw up his hands and asked to be treated as a prisoner of war. I consented to his request just as Bill Sharp came upon the scene. To the prisoner he said:

"O, yes, Jake Yoes, I have you now and I'm going to kill you."

I told him he should not harm the prisoner, as I had promised him my protection.

"I'll kill him or die," replied Sharp.

"You will surely die then," I said, "for I'll kill you the moment you attempt to harm him."

Sharp then desisted, and Yoes was carried to the place we were to rendezvous, by Eli Oliver.

The boys pursued the fleeing enemy for several miles, completely demoralizing them. Some 8 or 10 of the enemy were killed and a number wounded, while we did not lose a man.

Our company returned to "Camp Beaver Pond," and I visited my mother at the May place on Mazzard Prairie.

Here I found Gen. Cabel encamped with his entire force of Confederates.

CHAPTER XV.

Just before my mother moved from Lees Creek, she had secreted a pot of gold in the well. After my return home she begged me to return and get the money.

I went to Gen. Cabel and asked for a scout to go with me. He gave me about 75 men, and we at once started on our mission.

We arrived at the old home without mishap, bailed the well as near dry as we could, dropped a ladder down and I descended into the well. The water was then waist deep and I had to dive to get the precious pot containing the gold.

At last, after much effort, I secured the treasure and returned to mother without any other adventure worthy of record.

In the meantime Capt. Beal had turned the prisoner, Jake Yoes, over to Gen. Steele at Fort Smith, who sent him to

Little Rock, to Gen. Holmes. I then went to Fort Smith where I met Eli and Rich Oliver, Bill and Andy Sharp, John and Abb Beall, Jack Shannon, Henry Hood and two Choat brothers; the last three mentioned being Cherokees.

They told us that Gen. Canoe had gone to Cabin Creek, I. T., to attack the Federals at that place, and that they were going to rejoin him near Fort Gibson. We soon made up our minds to go with them. We started at once, going up the Arkansas river.

As we crossed Sallisaw creek the first thing we knew, the pop of the old squirrel rifle and the whiz of bullets around us, warned us that the Pin Indians were close by.

Well, we did not knock the bottom out of the creek, but we made the water fly terribly. Fortunately we made our escape unharmed, but this put us on our guard.

As we went down the Greenleaf mountain we suddenly met 10 or 12 Pin Indians. We made a dash at them, firing as we went. We killed two the first fire. I think we chased them a mile,

killing six in all. I filed notch number thirteen.

We then proceeded on our way, crossing Grand river and traveling in a north west direction, we struck the trail of Gen. Ganoë near where the town of Wagoner now stands, and overtook them in camp near Vinita.

Next morning we moved on and struck the enemy about 1 o'clock. They were located on Big Cabin creek, and seemed to think their position an impregnable one. They were ensconced behind a breastwork of baled hay and logs, and on our approach, their cavalry rode out to demolish us.

But we did not demolish, as they anticipated. Instead, however, we met their charge with a vim that took them by surprise; as they evidently thought us only a stragling party. After repulsing their charge, we rushed on them and drove ourselves completely through the enemy. We reformed between them and their breastworks and recharged the now demoralized cavalry, slaying without mercy. Many threw down their arms and asked for quarter, while a few

made good their escape. The reserve force, seeing the demolition of the cavalry and realizing their inability to cope with us, surrendered; only a few making their escape.

For the two hours or more that this battle raged, it was undoubtedly the hottest of the war west of the Mississippi river.

After gathering their supplies, wagons and teams, we started south and after a march of several days reached Honey Springs in safety.

Here our squad of six left Gen. Ganoe and struck out for Arkansas, reaching the May place in safety. To my surprise I found brother Marion at home. He had been wounded and discharged from the Confederate service. Jim Vinsant, Geo. Foster and Marion started next morning after I arrived, to Fourche la Favre to see about father, as they had heard that he was sick.

Our squad left after dinner and went north to the Arkansas river where the boys had an old flat boat which we used as a ferry boat, ferrying ourselves across the river. After crossing the river we

traveled north so as to strike Cedar creek thence up the creek and luckily we found our boys camped about a mile from our old Cave Camp.

Next morning about 10 o'clock a courier from Gen. Cabel (Old Tige) arrived with orders for Capt. Beall and his company to report at once to him at Van Buren. "But," said the courier, "I left Gen. Cabel yesterday morning at Fort Smith and have been hunting you ever since. I know, "he added," that Gen. Cabel left Van Buren this morning taking the wire road for Fayetteville."

About the middle of the afternoon we set out and found Gen. Cabel's forces in camp at the forks of the road, where Cove City now stands.

Just after dark the orders came to saddle up and fall into line. We jogged along all night and just before daylight our advance surrounded and captured their pickets, and by daylight was in full view of Fayetteville.

By the time we got within a mile and a half of town, our men began to yell and kept it up until the confines of the town were reached. Alarmed by our

continual yelling, the Federal forces were enabled to go to headquarters and draw arms and amunitions, and place themselves in the most advantageous places of defense.

We pushed up the hollow on the east side of town, and planted our artillery on the hill with two mounted companies in the rear as support. The remainder of the cavalry had been dismounted and fought as infantry. Federal sharp-shooters had been placed on the hill, obliquely to our right, and were quite annoying at times.

Our heavy guns continued to play on the Federal forces with unabating fury, but from some unknown cause General Cabel conceived the idea that unless we beat a hasty retreat, absolute annihilation stared us in the face.

In accordance with this idea he rode along the line and ordered a retreat. But the men did not feel like making a retrograde movement when the prize seemed in their grasp, and continued steadily to advance. Gen. Cabel seemed to fly in a rage; raved and swore at his men, telling them to retreat at once or they would

be surrounded and killed or captured in five minutes. As the orders grew so emphatic the men began slowly and sullenly to fall back. Crestfallen and dispirited they reluctantly left the scene of conflict and retired in the direction from which they had come.

We had not retreated one hundred yards when the enemy ceased to fire at us, and we simply left them in possession of what we could easily have taken.

Gen. Cabel retired to his old camp on Mazzard Prairie. I again visited my mother at the May place. My brother had preceded me but a short time, and was at home when I arrived. Soon after my arrival here, the saddest news of my life was conveyed to me—the news of my father's death.

It will be remembered that he had been left, in charge of our stock, on the Fourche la Favre river, and this was the first news I had received of him since that which was brought to me at Cave Camp. Marion and George Vinsant had gone to see about the stock, and had returned with a part of it.

Marion and I decided to go back and

secure the remainder of our stock, and, if possible, learn more of father's death.

Without trouble we secured the stock, and without even finding father's grave or learning the slightest particular concerning his death, we returned.

Learning of the presence on Lees Creek of some parties who were particularly obnoxious to us, and who had assisted in the dastardly outrage on my mother when she was forced to leave her home; Marion and I decided to make a raid in that direction, and give them a taste of our vengeance—teach them that a son's filial regard for his mother, is not blunted or impaired by the vicissitudes of war.

Accordingly we set out on our mission. We found some of the parties we were seeking, charged them pell mell and I suppose, ran them out of the country. Here each of us filed an additional notch.

Seeing we had roused the combined forces of Pin Indians and worse "bush whackers," we concluded that safety lay in an early retreat.

At Van Buren we met a scout of men from Washington county, Harvey Low

acting as their captain. They prevailed on me to go with them on their scout to Cane Hill.

So Marion returned to our home and I followed the scout.

CHAPTER XVI.

WE reached Sanford Rainwater's, on Lees Creek, about dark. The captain concluded to forage and get our suppers at this house. So Rainwater was put under arrest, and there being a previous misunderstanding between Rainwater and myself, I did not go into the house, but stayed with the horses.

After a few moments, some one called to me to come and get something to eat. I then went to the edge of the porch and received a cup of milk and a dodger of bread from one of the boys.

About this time Rainwater's daughter Mary came out and told me that if I did not leave immediately I would be killed. I asked her who would kill me, and she said she would. When I laughed at the idea, she came near me and said:

"You know I would not harm you, but I heard my father tell my step-mother that if he caught sight of you; he

intended to kill you, and he is carrying a pistol for that purpose."

Just at this time Rainwater made his appearance and said:

"What are you doing here, Bill Black?"

"Attending to my own business," I replied.

He then sprung at me and got hold on the lapel of my coat, and began jerking and bemeaning me, while I was trying to swallow the remnants of my supper. He shook me too hard and I dropped my hunk of bread and ordered him to desist, which he did not do until I drew my pistol and struck him on the wrist.

I started for the gate, telling him to not interfere with me, for if he did I would shoot him. He said I was too big a coward to shoot, and caught me by the collar again almost jerking me off the ground.

At this time Mary and Mrs. Rainwater came between us, he still holding on. I then thrust my pistol between the two women and fired twice, and Rainwater fell to the ground.

At the sound of the shots everyone of

our men fled as if for their lives, leaving me alone. I then left the house, but before going 200 yards, I heard rapid hoof strokes. I left the road and hid in the thick brushwood that lined the road. Along came a gang of Pin Indians and malitia and passed me at full gallop.

I then mounted my horse made my way to Manson Hill's farm, where I found Mr. Hill and family who had returned to dig up their treasures and remove them to a place of safety.

On inquiring of them if they knew anything of my late companions, I was told that they had passed there at full gallop almost scared to death.

After assisting the family in securing their valuables, I crossed the river at Van Buren and returned to my mother's home on Mazzard prairie.

On arriving home I found everything bustle and confusion. News had just reached here that Gen. Blount, in command of a large force of Federal troops, was descending the Arkansas river, intent on making a sudden swoop on Gen. Cabel's command.

To get out of the way of this avalanche

f blue coats was our first consideration, consequently we loaded up our wagons at once and struck out across the prairie our destination being Texas.

Blount came on and took Fort Smith, but we were safely on our way to the one star state. Our journey was without incident, and we arrived in the vicinity of Ladonia late in the fall.

We secured a house from Mrs. Sade Jackson, and proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

The nomadic disposition again took possession of me, and leaving mother and the children here, I, in company with Jim and Tom Vinsant and George Foster, whose families had been with us on the trip to Texas; returned to Arkansas.

We had no adventures worthy to be recorded on this trip, and reached Center Point in Sevier county, in safety. Here we were snowbound and unable to proceed further for two weeks. We spent the time in keeping up fires and doing the chores. Capt. Applegate* visited

*See When I Went Soldiering

us several times during our stay here, and seemed quite at home in our society.

At last, however, the snow blockade broke sufficiently to allow us to proceed, and we went at once to headquarters at an old camp ground near Center Point. Here we staid a week, occupying our time principally in doing nothing.

Tired of this monotonous life, we pushed on and joined Buck Brown's Benton county troops, who were camped at the Factory Mills, on Little River.

Brown soon gave me command of a squad of men and ordered us to reconnoiter in the direction of Caddo Gap. In company with Bill Poston and Alex Gregory, I had a little spice thrown into the trip.

We were leisurely riding along what was known as Chaney trace, a long lane on top of a ridge, with a creek on either side of us. We had been unable to hear the slightest news of the enemy, and were not particularly on the look out. Suddenly one of the boys saw a Federal on the porch of a house some distance to our left, and Poston said:

"Boys, let's take a pet back to camp with us."

I readily agreed; but Gregory, who was of a philosophic turn of mind, said:

"Hold on, boys; you don't know how many blue-coats may be there. Don't be rash, let's ride up leisurely."

"No," I replied, "we'll charge the house."

"Now, boys; I can go where either of you can" answered Gregory, "but I won't unless you ride up leisurely."

To this we finally consented. We turned up the short lane that led to the house, and when we arrived at the fence I holloed. Instead of one Federal coming out as I had supposed, eight blue-coats stepped off the porch and up in front of us, with arms at present. Taken by surprise at the turn affairs had taken, I could only ask: "Who are you?"

"Soldiers, and belong below," they replied. "Who are you?"

"Soldiers from below," I answered.

We continued to talk for some time, and finally telling them that our business lay "rolling," we bid them an affectionate(?) adieu, and left them as we had

found them—in possession of the house.

On looking back we chanced to glance across the field, and to our horror, the woods seemed literally blue with the enemy. I now cautioned my two companions to obey my slightest instruction and we proceeded on our way, constantly watching over our shoulders to see that we were not pursued.

On arriving near the next house, and after thoroughly satisfying ourselves that no men were about the premises, we boldly charged, and then soundly berated the family for being in sympathy with the rebels. We adopted this ruse to throw chance pursuers off the track. The inmates of the house, of course, denied their Southern proclivities, but we appeared not to believe their protestations of fealty to the North. We left them fully believing we were of the Federal army.

Suddenly we heard a sound like distant thunder, and stopped to listen. It was the sound of horses hoofs, and we were confident that at last a company of cavalry was hot on our trail. We then diverged to the roadside to await their

arrival, when we heard the dogs barking at the house just passed. They had evidently stopped to inquire for us, and as they did not come on after us we concluded the family had convinced them of our loyalty and they had returned to the main command.

We continued our way to our camp and reported to Maj. Brown our discoveries, who on the strength of our information, concluded to surprise the Federals in their camp, and accordingly we were soon on the road.

We arrived at the place where we had seen the enemy, but they had gone.

Maj. Brown concluded to go through Caddo Gap, and pass down the Cove of the same name, hoping to strike the enemy at some point, where they would be least expecting it.

While on the road I chanced to glance into a yard, and saw a woman whom I thought I knew. I accordingly dismounted and entered the house, and the woman proved Mrs. Margaret Winfrey, wife of Capt. Winfrey, who was an officer in the Confederate army. She was a lady I had long known, and I was

proud to meet her. On dismounting I noticed that Maj. Brown had also dismounted and was following me into the house. I introduced him to Mrs. Winfrey, and they chatted very pleasantly together.

Mrs. Winfrey informed me that her sister, Susan, was also in the house but was sick. This struck me in a soft place as Susan and I were sweethearts, so I hurriedly entered the room to console her in her afflictions.

Maj. Brown and Mrs. Winfrey entered as I was telling Susan of a remedy for her complaint. I wrote a prescription with the sang froid of a regular practitioner, and handed it to her.

Maj. Brown and I, having concluded our informal call, hurried on after the command.

That night, after we had gone into camp, Maj. Brown took me by the arm and requested that I go with him. I complied, and he took me and introduced me to all his officers as "Doctor Black," a soubrequet that stuck to me for quite a while.

After passing through Caddo Gap, we

turned west and passed through "Pike's Hole, and on to the Factory Mills, on Little river.

Maj. Brown again sent me with a small scout to reconnoiter. After passing Arkadelphia and Hot Springs, we came upon Gen. Steele's command of Federal troops. We retired to the roadside and sought an eminence from which to count the troops as they passed.

CHAPTER XVII.

As the rear guard came almost abreast of us, a sound saluted our ears like the earth had suddenly burst asunder; like the sky above us was sending forth vicious discharges of lurid lightning. It was Jo Shelby attacking and surprising their rear.

Great was the consternation among them at first, but they soon rallied and the attacking force of cavalry retired, but only to make another vigorous onslaught as the column resumed its march.

This running fight was kept up until the town of Antwine was reached. We, in the meantime, had ridden around the Federals and were ascending the hill on the west side of Antwine, when we suddenly found ourselves confronted, surrounded, hemmed in on all sides by men. Great was our relief when we found the men were Maj. Brown's command. They had reached this place,

planted their heavy guns so as to command the town, and had them masked so as to avoid discovery.

We fell in and awaited the approach of the Federals. . Soon they entered the town and scattered all over the place, pillaging stores, private houses etc. They seemed to fill the town, like black-birds, hunting food and all other portables, whether valuable or not.

Suddenly, like an unlooked for eruption of a mighty valcano, the masked batteries concentrated their fire on the pillaging troops. Grape, cannister, solid shot and shell, were mercilessly poured into the confused blue-coats, compelling them to hurriedly retire to a hill east of the town. Here they seemed to hold a consultation, and, with the exception of a few sharp-shooters, not a gun was fired on us.

They then marched down a creek, and I followed with my scouts.

Some two miles from the town, the enemy went into camp, and Maj. Brown's command fell back some two or three miles. I kept a watch on the enemy all night. Maj. Brown followed

after them next day, and a desultory kind of fighting was kept up until we formed a junction with the main army at Prairie du Han. Here we met the main Federal army, and an artillery duel was the result.

Prairie du Han is a long strip of prairie, about five or six hundred yards wide. The Federal forces held one side while we were drawn up in line on the other. The artillery on both sides opened up about sundown, and a veritable duel was fought from then until about 10 o'clock.

At midnight Maj. Brown gave orders to move, and we left the main command and marched up the river in the direction of Fort Smith.

Arriving in the vicinity of the Fourche la Favre, Maj. Brown ordered a detachment to proceed ahead and destroy a Federal outpost, supposed to be not far distant.

Accordingly 65 men, including Col. Hawthorne, Col. Jim King, who was in command, Col. Faith and others; started in the direction of where the Federals were supposed to be encamped. With-

out unnecessary delay we proceeded on our journey, but on arriving at our destination we found the birds had flown; and we decided to return empty handed. However, just before we reached the crossing of the Fort Smith and Little Rock road, we espied a number of Federals leisurely proceeding in the direction of Little Rock.

As we were short of amunition, and fearing a large force, we retired to a dry ditch in our rear.

We were discovered at once, and a steady advance was made on us. Fortunately, however, our natural embankment afforded us ample protection, and their shots did no damage.

Only one man in our command was provided with a long range gun, and he alone was ordered to fire on the approaching enemy. For perhaps an hour they kept up the fusilade, and then retreated in the direction from whence they came.

We were immediately ordered to charge, and we did so with a vengeance. With the deadly six-shooter, we were soon among them dealing death and de-

struction on every hand. Now thoroughly terrified, the affrighted men seemed unable to escape.

Dr. Fairchild was riding along in a buggy, and did not seem to want to get away. I passed by him on a dead run, and after the chase was over, saw him lying in his buggy, shot through the head.

We were heartily sorry that anyone so heartless could have a place in our command, and rigid steps were taken to ferret out the perpetrator of the crime, for we so considered it. The men were drawn up in line and series of rigid questions were put, but no one knew anything about the matter.

Of the 36 soldiers who charged upon us in the ravine, only three escaped to tell the tale of destruction.

This was sent abroad through the columns of the ultra-Northern press, as the "Fairchild Massacre," and we were soundly berated for our heartlessness in thus ridding the Confederacy of a number of her most vicious enemies.

After we had rested for a few hours we resumed our march up the river,

crossing at the mouth of Frog Bayou, and going direct to Cave Camp.

Here Vinsant and I left the main body which proceeded in the direction of Washington county, while we remained in the vicinity of the old rendezuous.

Finding none of the boys here, we went to Camp Beaver Pond, but met with no better success in our search. Finally however, we learned that Capt. Crouch, with a small detachment of men, was encamped on Cove creek, and we joined him.

Soon after our arrival we captured a blacksmith with his tools, and moved the whole outfit and put up the shop on a branch, between Frog Bayou and Mulberry creek, and prepared to have our horses shod. We had put out pickets to guard against surprise, and were busily engaged in our task when the pickets came rushing in, hotly pursued by some "mountain boomers," as we termed the Federal militia.

On the east side of the branch was an almost perpendicular bluff, six or eight feet high, and up over this we went as though it were level ground. So thor-

ough had been our surprise, and so great our fright, that we had not thought of obstacles until after they were surmounted. We ran some distance and then slipped back to see what the enemy was doing.

We found them busily engaged in breaking our rudely constructed smithy to pieces. We decided to give them a taste of surprise, and after passing around them, placed ourselves in waiting.

Soon they came leisurely along, and as we charged them it was their time to run. Our boys chased them for some distance and then proceeded to camp.

About this time we received orders to assemble all troops possible at or near Logtown, one mile north of Van Buren. for a demonstration on that place.

Accordingly Capt. Crouch set out and formed a junction with the companies of Captains Wright, Whitson, Head, Fitzwilliams and Inks. We then hovered near Van Buren, making a demonstration as though we intended attacking at once.

Soon the Federal forces were seen hur-

rying from Fort Smith. The town was soon full to overflowing with blue-coats, and it appeared as if the garrison had been depleted in order to send the reinforcements.

No sooner had the maneuver proven successful, than we hurriedly crossed the Arkansas river at the mouth of Lees creek, and made a sudden descent on Fort Smith, creating consternation and making havoc generally.

Again the Federal troops were put in motion, this time to succor and prevent Fort Smith from falling into the hands of the rebels. We then recrossed the river, and seeing that our maneuver was not wholly without result, and that the enemy was sufficiently stirred up; we separated, Vinsant and I going up on Frog Bayou with Capt. Wright's command.

After we had rested a few days, several of the boys, including Jasper Peevyhouse, Jack Cotrell, Tom Vinsant, Geo. Williams. Jim Vinsant and myself concluded to make a reconnoissance in the vicinity of Van Buren. Accordingly we went to Mrs. Brown's, an aunt of the

Vinsant boys, and gathered what information we could, which was of a meager character.

We pitched our camp in what was known as Pine Hollow, a dark and secluded canon, near the mouth of Lees creek. From this point we made frequent sories on the neighboring Federal outposts, and created no little uneasiness by the uncertainty of our movements.

While here we learned of a small gang of Feds, herding a drove of about 150 mules in the vicinity of Ft. Smith. We decided that this prize was too valuable to let pass, so we set out to capture it.

As we emerged on a little prairie, almost in sight of Fort Smith, we suddenly came upon a number of Pin Indians. No sooner did they sight us than they opened fire on us. We soon put them to flight, however, but were forced to abandon the prize.

We then returned to camp, and I concluded to scout a little on my own hook. I took through the woods toward Van Buren, hunting squirrel. Soon I came upon two Federal soldiers who were enjoying the same recreation. Together

we sought the frisky rodent for a while, when we got into an altercation and I cut two more notches on my pistol.

I returned to camp and we went down the ravine known as the Pennywait Mill Hollow, struck Main street in Van Buren about where the Crawford County Bank now stands and went in the direction of Logtown where the Federal pickets were. We rode to within fifty yards of them, and turned ourselves loose among them and had them scattered in every direction, before they discovered we were not comrades, as they had supposed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LEARNING that Capt. Wright's command had come into the neighborhood, we sought them out and joined them. But as we had raised the ire of the enemy, and occasioned enough excitement for a while, we concluded to retire; that is, seek other fields of action.

On our retreat we passed Olive Springs, where we learned that about 200 of the enemy were on our trail determined to wipe us out. We then held a council of war. There were but 16 of us and we could not fight them in the open field. What could we do? Resort to stratagem, for that was our only show.

On we went, crossing Frog Bayou at the mouth of Cedar Creek, then down the road in the direction of Van Buren crossing Frog Bayou again at the Rosford. After passing this ford a few hundred yards there is a hill west of the

road, which we thought would be a good point for us to make a stand, so we left our horses west of the point and were soon busily engaged in piling up stones to be used as breastworks, and our fort was soon ready for the fun.

We were not kept long in suspense for an old Union lady came along the road, and seeing us said:

“What are you doing up there, boys? You think you are mighty smart. You had better go in and give up, for you will be whipped and have to give up anyhow, and the first thing you know you will all be killed, a foolin’ around this way. You aren’t smart enough to get our Union boys in a trap, and if you don’t watch our boys will come in behind you and get all your horses.”

By this time I had reached the road in front of her, and took hold of her horse’s bridle and said:

“Old lady, as you are acting the part of a spy, I am forced to dismount you so you cannot travel so fast and report all you learn; so get down.”

Capt. Winfrey said he thought if I would let her keep her horse she would

go home and not report us. She answered that she liked our boys and would not do us any harm for the world.

"Yes you would," I replied, "you would have us murdered, and I am going to dismount you."

Capt. Winfrey put in again and she was allowed to keep her horse. She turned back as if going home, but instead she went to the enemy.

Not feeling safe here we fell back to our horses and crossed Frog Bayou at a deep ford almost east of our little fort.

On the east side of the creek was a narrow strip of land between the creek and a slough. Behind this bank we dismounted and tied our horses, the bank being high enough to hide them. We then waited for the enemy.

In a short time six of them appeared on the bank of the creek. We supposed this to be the advance, but they left the road and bore east, almost in the direction of where we were hiding. We soon noticed that they were looking in the direction of our fort and seemed to notice nothing else.

We concluded that a trap was set for

us and that we must beat it. We remounted and recrossed the creek unnoticed by them, they being about 250 yards distant.

The order was to cut them off from the main body, and catch them all. When the order to charge was given, they heard it and started in the direction of Van Buren, but they soon changed their course and fled in the direction from which they came.

Then began a race for dear life, each urging his horse to the top of its speed, trying to reach the ford first.

Our boys were armed with pistols only while the other side was well armed.

By the time we got within 75 yards of them, Jess Morton recognized me and began to curse me. He was armed with a 16 shooting rifle and two 45 pistols, and began firing at me.

I did not return the fire because I was only armed with a 32 Remington pistol and was holding my fire for close quarters. At about 25 yards Morton sent a bullet so close to my nose that it brought the tears to my eyes. However, I rubbed the tears away, and as soon as I

could see, I pulled down on Morton, as I supposed, but it proved to be another fellow. Just as I pulled trigger, my horse stumbled and I shot the horse in the shoulder and down he went, across the road at the edge of the water.

Two other federal's horses fell over the wounded horse into the water, thus dismounting three of them, and I had to check my horse to avoid the same fate.

There being two going out places on the north side of the creek, one of the Federals went to the lower going out place, and Capt. Winfrey followed him. The other two started for the upper going out place, so, pistol in hand, I headed them off and turned them up stream.

I did not go far, however, until they faced about and fired on me. I returned the fire and down went one of them. I then exchanged shots with the other and down he went, but they were soon on their feet again and shooting time about with me. Each of them received two shots and sank down in the water.

I immediately wrenched the pistols from the hands of one of the men, as I had emptied my own.

On looking around I discovered the second one of the two drawing a bead on me. I threw my pistol down on him, but could not have had time to shoot before he would have got me. Suddenly his pistols dropped from his hands and they fell limp at his side, and I was saved.

On looking up I saw Tom Vinsant on the bank of the creek with his smoking gun in his hands, telling the tale of the fortunate shot that saved my life.

The other boys were in hot pursuit of the flying Feds, and I yelled at them to stop as they were running into an ambush. I finally succeeded in getting them halted, and on looking at the farther end of the lane, we saw what I had surmised—the Federals—who, chagrined at our failing to fall into the trap, had begun to move about and show themselves.

After the boys returned from their chase we went to the place where we had hidden behind the bank, and awaited their coming, fully expecting them to charge us.

In about half an hour they came along

but did not diverge to attack us. We then left our retreat and camped that night in the woods.

After we had laid down on our pallets I overheard a conversation between two of our boys, as follows:

First Soldier—What caused you to join the army?

Second Soldier—You see, I am a single man and I love war, so I joined the army. Now tell me what caused you to join the army?

First Soldier—Well, you see, I am a married man and I love peace, so I joined the army.

The following day we went to the house of Bill Couch, some miles south from where we had camped.

Here was a lane in the shape of an L with a house at the corner of the lane. We all remained on our horses except Couch, who entered his house. While we were waiting for him to come out, the Federals charged on us from the eastern extremity of the lane. We retreated to the northern end and there made a stand. Here we held them at bay until some of them, more thoughtful

han the others, began to lay down the fence to pass through the field. We then retreated through an open space and made another stand.

About a quarter of a mile to our rear was a deep gully, with only one cross-way—a narrow cow trail—and we hastened to this friendly shelter. A part of us formed near the gully to give the remainder a chance to cross.

While retreating, Tom Fine's horse ran under a stooping dogwood tree and he was knocked to the ground. Pete Fine and I kept up a hot fire on his pursuers until he was enabled to remount his horse, cross the gully and escape.

While waiting for the advance to get over, they charged us, and Jess Morton rushed up and exclaimed:

"Oh, yes, Bill Black, G— d— you; 'll get you this time."

I fired at him, killing his mule, and Jess concluded that "he who fights and runs away, may live to fight another day," and run away he did, in no very good order.

After we had all succeeded in crossing the gully, we hid behind trees and

stumps, fully expecting to be charged upon, as the enemy outnumbered us fully fifteen to one. Some of the boys, becoming frightened at the odds against us, took to their heels after we formed at the mouth of the lane, and did not stop in their mad flight until they reached the vicinity of Capt. Wright's, where they reported us all mercilessly slain.

Of course this proved a hoax, for we were very much alive, as subsequent events proved.

CHAPTER XIX.

AFTER waiting a reasonable length of time for the expected attack, we left the spot and went to the neighborhood of Capt. Wright's, where we rested a few days.

While here, Jim King, Andy Frazier, Dillard James and two or three other boys went at night across the mountain to the vicinity of Fine Springs.

About daybreak next morning we heard firing in that direction, and mounting our horses went hurriedly to the relief of the boys, but arrived too late. Poor Jim King and Andy Frazier lay dead. Dillard James, like Israel Putnam, of Revolutionary fame, escaped by leaping his horse down the mountain side, where it was so steep the Feds did not dare to follow.

We gave chase to the slayers of our comrades, but they had too much the start for us to overtake and punish them.

On their way to Van Buren, however, they met two of our men, Farris and Hite, who were returning to our camp, and gave chase. Hite sent a shot into the ranks of the approaching enemy and had the satisfaction of seeing one of them tumble from his horse.

On our return from the pursuit, we stopped and buried King and Frazier. A hole was dug, they were wrapped in their blankets, and without the strains of drum or fife, were placed side by side in this rude burial. So let them rest.

'Tis a fitting end--though rude the couch and rough the men who made it--that these two, who had stood side by side in the hottest fights, might now rest side by side in the quiet slumber of death.

After the burial we returned to Camp Wright, where I learned from Cynthia Lester, that a filly which I had placed in her care, had been taken away by a man named Surrat.

This news filled me with great indignation, and I determined to make a raid on the despoiler and try to recover my property. Accordingly, I set out accom-

panied by John Covington, Nels Tingler and Sol Wagoner, for the home of Sar-rat.

We determined to play Federal soldier on him, as we well knew that he was in the habit of visiting the garrison at Fort Smith. It was also known to us that the Federal artillery had some mules running in the river bottom near him; hence our decision to play Federal horse hunters.

We arrived at the old man's house about nine o'clock at night, told him we were looking for horses that had strayed from the fort and had decided to stay with him till morning.

We dismounted and just as I put one foot over the fence to enter the yard, the light in the house went out and several gun muzzles made their appearance through the cracks. He then told us that he would kill the first man who crossed the fence.

In vain we argued, threatened and plead, and not caring to face those guns, we departed minus, of course, my filly.

We repaired to the thick woods of the bottom, where we camped for the night.

While sitting around our camp-fire we heard a noise, and on looking up in a huge cotton-wood tree, the head of a cub bear was seen protruding from a hole.

Immediately all was excitement and we determined to feast on bear meat. One of the boys went to Sanford Foster's and borrowed an ax, and we proceeded to fell the tree. Finally the huge tree came down, and inside of it we found an old bear and three cubs, all of which we killed. We then proceeded to barbecue the meat and have a feast.

While we were enjoying our bear meat and living so hugely, we were joined by Col. Jim King and about ten men, and they enjoyed the hospitality of our camp for the night. On the next day he persuaded us to join him in a raid.

The Federal forces had been heading for Little Rock for some time past, going in small detachments; large bodies, or just as the notion took them, as they regarded the country as perfectly safe.

We had been on the lookout for these straggling bodies of Federals, and concluded to have some fun out of the next "batch" that come along. Accordingly

we selected a thicket and concealed ourselves. Soon a body of men was descried coming. The number proved to be about 250, while we numbered 26, all told. Nothing daunted, however, by the odds against us, we determined to have our fun.

Patiently waiting until the rear of the column was abreast of us, we dashed out and with yells and shots were soon among them. Taken by surprise, those in the rear crowded those ahead, and they, not knowing the size of our party, fled down the road. We followed, yelling wildly and pouring a leaden hail into their rear, until twenty-seven of them had fired their last shot in suppressing the rebellion.

Seeing the officers plant themselves across the road and rally their men, we concluded it was time for us to fly.

Just as we turned to go they received the order to charge. As we had now become the fugitives; we made good use of our horse-flesh in getting away. When we saw they were about to overtake us, we took to the brush hoping they would not follow, but we were mistaken, for on

they came like mad and every moment seemed to lessen our chance of escape, as our horses were nearly exhausted.

We decided to abandon our animals and take to a ruff on foot, and were within 150 yards of the spot when our pursuers gave up the chase.

After this chase Sol Wagoner and I become separated from the company and concluded to look out for ourselves. Soon after, however, Wagoner concluded to go down to Mulberry to see his wife, and I decided to make a raid on Van Buren alone.

I rode boldly into town and near the Bostick hotel I met a Federal soldier on horseback. I stopped to talk to him in order to throw off suspicion, but could see he was not satisfied with my appearance, and began to ease his hand back to his pistol. I got the drop on him and forced him to drop his pistol, and we rode out of town as though nothing had happened. I lost him after I had passed out of town a few miles, and filed another notch on my pistol.

On my way to Camp Wright I met my cousin, Jim Shannon, and we plan-

ned a raid on our own hook. We stopped two or three hours in my mother's pasture to let our horses graze, before beginning the work of the night. Soon after night-fall we saddled our horses and started.

Our mode of operation was this: One of us would go quietly to a house, and after being given ample time to secrete himself, the other would charge the premises at full gallop, leading the horse of the other and making as much noise as possible.

The men in the house would invariably flee from the back door, and the one concealed would let fly the double charged contents of his shot-gun into them.

Such running and screaming as were heard on that occasion. Eight notches were filed on our pistols as a result of that night's raid.

After breakfast; at Frank Oliver's, we went up Cove Creek, and when near the old Barker place, we met Captains Shannon and Crouch, with their companies.

Prior to our union with these companies, they had learned that an emigrant train bound north, guarded by a compa-

ny of cavalry, was on the main wire road robbing Southern families as they went; and we decided to put a stop to their mischief.

We went down the road and met their advance near the Jack Oliver place. We halted and they fell back to the main command. They slowly advanced and we as slowly fell back in front of them, all the while warning them to cease their robbing. About four miles from where we met them, they camped for the night and threw out their pickets. We camped also and placed our pickets, or rear guard, within 150 yards of theirs.

During this time not a gun had been fired. On the following morning they begun their advance and we continued to fall back, keeping our rear guard well in sight of them.

Their captain, who was a pompous individual, frequently rode up and challenged us to battle; but we were not yet ready. We reached the foot of the Boston mountain, formed ourselves in ambush and awaited their coming. Soon a scout reported that they had taken a road up Falls creek.

We hurriedly left our ambush and hastened to reach the other road before they should pass the point where we meant to lie in wait for them.

We reached this place—where the road winds up the steepest part of the mountain, and forms a Z. Along the main stem of this letter, an old tree had fallen, some fifteen feet from the road, forming a most perfect barricade, as well as a splendid hiding place. The road ascended from a dark dismal hollow and as we were placing ourselves in position we could plainly hear the advance of the Federals as they struck the foot of the hill. Eighty-four of us were secreted behind that log, and waited, hardly daring to breathe, lest we be discovered by the advance, which we meant to let pass. Soon it came abreast of us, the captain in their midst. One man was holding to his horse's tail, kicking it and saying: "Go on; damn you; I wish you were in hell." "Hush," said a comrade, "or you'll be there in five minutes for I'll bet them damned bush-whackers are around here now."

This remark caused him to glance in

the direction of the log, and he discovered us. He gave the alarm, but too late. 84 guns belched forth their deadly missiles full in the faces of the dozen men in front, and every man and horse went down to rise no more.

From our cover we charged headlong down the hillside full into the confused company below. This sudden and unlooked for appearance threw them into the wildest disorder, and they broke pell mell down the road.

For over two-hundred yards we pursued, using the deadly revolver with telling effect. On our return we counted 37 men killed and a number wounded, while we did not have a man even scratched.

We returned to our horses, passing by where the dead advance guard lay; every particle of hair was cut from the mane and tail of the captain's milk-white horse, and carried off as souvenirs. The captain had been hit by no less than a dozen bullets.

We reached our horses, which had been hitched at the top of the mountain and were dividing up the arms and ac-

coutrements, we sought a camp for the night.

We reached Cove Creek, intending to camp somewhere near Camp Beaver Pond, when we met Frank Oliver who told us that a sutler's train, under heavy guard, was passing down the road in the direction of Van Buren.

We all felt good over our recent success, and we determined to capture the sutler's train.

CHAPTER XX.

WE ascertained that the number of men protecting the wagons amounted to something like 250, but such odds were scarcely ever thought of when such rich "contraband" goods as a sutler's train were to be the result of the capture.

So without camping for rest or refreshments we immediately took up the line of march intending to fall on them some where near the Widow Allen place on Lees creek. We divided the forces at our command, making 44 infantry, under command of Capt. Shannon, and 44 cavalry under command of Capt. Crouch. I was among the dismounted. We made a wide detour around them intending to come in on their advance while the cavalry fell on their rear.

The Widow Allen house was a strong log house, and prior to this time we had built a stout "staked and ridered" fence around the premises, and it was to this

house we hurried. Just as we were entering the house the advance guard came in sight and immediately charged us.

Of the 44 all but Tom Vinsant, Capt. Shannon and myself got safely into the house, and seeing the impossibility of our doing so, we took refuge behind a huge ash-hopper which stood near the north-west corner of the house.

We succeeded in repulsing the charge and they retired to where they had formed for the first charge. They made the second charge, seeming determined to ride over the strong fence, forcing their horses sheer against the rails. From every crack and crevice in the old log house came a deadly stream of leaden hail which compelled the enemy to retreat the second time.

To the three of us outside it was very uncomfortable, and when we saw they were going to attempt a flank movement, it appeared as though we were certain of death. Capt. Shannon then told Vinsant and myself that our only chance of safety lay in our turning that flank, or at least preventing its approach. This, to me, was the most perilous undertaking

of the whole war, and I felt my hair raise on my head several times as we dodged from tree to tree, the balls of the enemy knocking the bark in our faces or whistling uncomfortably close to our ears.

We succeeded in checking and finally driving back the flanking party, while those in the house repulsed the third charge of the enemy's cavalry, which was the fiercest of the three. With wild yells and cracking carbines they drove their horses against the heavily ridged fence, seemingly trying to ride over, but the hot fire from the house drove them in disorder to a thicket something like 150 yards from us, where the officers attempted to rally the now thoroughly demoralized men.

At this moment our cavalry charged them from an unexpected quarter. The enemy threw down their guns and fled, hotly pursued by our boys.

It was a veritable slaughter from there until, exhausted, the Southerners gave up the chase.

While the fight was in progress the train had stopped something like 1-4 of a mile in the rear, but on the approach

of our cavalry, the drivers sought safety in flight, leaving the wagons and their contents to the mercy of their captors.

After the chase was over we summed up the damages to the Federals and found that 84 of their number had paid the penalty for their rashness, while our loss amounted to not a man either killed or wounded.

We took the wagons and started for the mountains, and feasted hugely on the eatable contents. On this occasion I tasted my first oysters. I had eaten but little for the past few days, and my appetite was keen as the winter winds, so when I chanced to get hold of a can of the succulent bivalves, I hastily put the contents out of sight, and thought them the daintiest morsel I had ever tasted. Since that time, however, my aversion to this food has been pronounced, and I can hardly bear the sight of them.

With the wagons we left the main road and took to the woods, in order to avoid pursuit, or, at least to delay it as long as possible. Quite a lot of whiskey was in the train load and the boys began to guzzle it down in a way that would

make a toper jealous and an abstainer heartsick. Soon the evidences of inebriety began to show, and it was not long until not a dozen sober men remained. It seemed for awhile that every man in the command was dead drunk, and grave fears were entertained lest the enemy would suddenly surprise us while the men were in this maudlin state, and utterly annihilate us. Nothing would have been easier.

CHAPTER XXI.

WE remained in this mountain camp for a few days, when Capt. Wright called for volunteers to accompany him to his home. Peevyhouse, Jim Marlow, Columbus Basham, Jack Coterell and myself were the volunteers.

Our rendezvous was east of where Chester now stands, some three or four miles, in the mountain fastness of Frog Bayou. We reached Capt. Wright's residence without any adventure, where we partook of a most excellent supper, intending, as I thought, to return to the vicinity of our rendezvous that night. Capt. Wright decided, however, that we would spend the night at a house a mile or so distant from his home. I protested against this arrangement. I felt fully convinced that we were "running amuck of danger." Some external influence, I know not what, seemed to tell me that trouble was in store for us, and I used

my utmost endeavors to dissuade the boys from what I considered a rash step. My entreaties were met with good-natured jibes and jeers, the boys calling me "granny," "coward," "baby" and such other pet names. Finally I told them I could go where they could, and we set out for the place, as Wright seemed determined, and I would not leave him as we were bed-fellows.

Arriving at the place I hobbled my mule some distance from the house, as I was determined the Federals should not capture him. Peevyhouse, Basham, Marlow and Coterell deposited themselves on the floor of the west room, while Wright and I made our bed in the hall, which ran north and south through the house. After getting our bed ready I pulled off my boots—a new pair of cavalry boots, recently presented to me by Martha Dyer who carried them from Cassville, Mo., concealed under her clothing—and threw them away. My presentiment of impending trouble had not abated in the least, and I told Wright I intended to save the boots when the boomers killed us. At this,

Wright siezed and rolled me around the floor to his heart's content, as I was moody and depressed. and did not have energy enough to resent anything.

As the night advanced my presentiment grew to almost a certainty. I would lie on my back for a time and watch the south approach, then turn on my face and watch the north. As I lay thus watching, I saw the dim outline of a man, then another and still another, until several had apparently risen out of the ground. They seemed to be peering into the house to ascertain our exact number and location before attacking us. I awoke Wright and informed him that the enemy were surrounding the house. He slipped into the room and awoke the other boys and they came out into the hall where I was and Marler, Basham and Capt. Wright formed on one side of the hall while Pevehouse, Coterell and myself formed on the other side. While we three were consulting as to the best method of escape, Wright, Marler and Basham disappeared as mysteriously as though the ground had opened and swallowed them. We three

formed one behind the other, I in the lead, a revolver in each hand, our determination being to simply force our way through the cordon of boomers that surrounded us. We had scarcely started when, on reaching the west corner of the house, we saw it was hopeless to attempt to escape in that direction. We stopped and I stepped back between Peevy and Coterell, speaking first to one and then to the other.

While standing thus, discussing the best method of escape, Capt. Bealer ordered his men to fire, at the same time discharging his own weapon, the ball from which struck my upraised pistol cutting a notch out of my thumb and knocking the pistol against my face with such force as to bruise it. For a time I was staggered by the blow but soon recovered and we decided that our only chance of escape lay in the opposite direction.

Accordingly we about faced and started in a south-easterly direction with Peevyhouse in the lead, Coterell behind and I in the center. Capt. Bealer kept yelling at his men to "give them h--l

boys; shoot them down. Take hold of them; don't let them get away," and such swearing I never heard before. At times men had hold of me on each side, endeavoring to pull me both ways, but I managed to knock and shoot them off.

Suddenly Bealer sprang between Peevyhouse and I, shooting rapidly at Peevyhouse and exclaiming: "G—d d—n you, I'll learn you—" the remainder of his sentence being lost in the report of his pistol.

All at once, with the growl of a tiger at bay, Peevyhouse whirled and with his revolver within two feet of the captain's breast, fired. Bealer, with an exclamation of anguish and a cry for mercy on his lips, fell backward with his head between my feet. I sprang backward to avoid his falling against me, and struck Coterell. He had seen the man fall and thought it was Peevyhouse, and believing I was wounded, concluded it was time to get away. Accordingly he broke to run to his right when he came in violent contact with one of the enemy, and both fell to the ground. His opponent immediatdly sprang up, and I

could see the flash of the pistols as they were fired at him as he lay prone upon the ground. I thought him killed, so I turned to look for Peevyhouse, but he had vanished as though in thin air. I could not see him anywhere, and of course thought him killed.

I now thought of myself and looked for a place of exit from the seemingly solid wall of Federals that encompassed me. Near the eastern corner of the fence was the only place that seemed to afford the means of egress from the now thoroughly uncomfortable position I occupied, and to this part I slowly directed my steps, hoping thus not to direct their attention to myself.

Just as I had reached the fence and placed my hand on the top rail to leap over, Shelton Chastain, who had been concealed in the outside corner, fired point-blank in my face at a distance of not over three or four feet. The flash of the carbine and the close proximity of the ball, completely blinded me for the nonce and it was some minutes before I could recover my equilibrium. I was now thoroughly aroused and would have

dealt the fellow a death blow, but on looking for him could not discover his whereabouts. He had suddenly decamped.

I then decided it was time to get away and made an effort to do so, but, fortunately for me, struck my foot against some obstacle and fell to the ground just in time to avoid a volley fired at me. Another and still another was fired, and for a time the bullets literally rained over my prostrate body.

As soon as there was cessation of the firing I arose and ran in the direction of the branch, leaping over the high clay bank, a volley of balls whistling uncomfortably close to my head. I crawled up the branch to the heavy timber on the hillside immediately in front of the house, where I sat down by a large tree.

While sitting here debating in my mind what course was best to pursue, I heard a crashing through the brush between me and the house like the sound of stampeded cattle, and a shower of bullets was sent in its direction. The tree against which I was sitting received a large share of the balls, and I decided

it a little too conspicuous, so I managed to worm myself to the opposite of the tree and straitened alongside of its trunk just as Jack Coterell came dashing by.

"Hello, Jack; is that you?" I asked.

"Why, my God, Bill; is it possible? I thought you were killed," he replied, and he actually hugged me in the exuberance of his joy.

We watched the enemy as they tied their mortally wounded captain on a horse, and prepared to leave. Soon they were on the move, but were not 100 yards from the premises before Coterell and I were on the ground looking for Peevyhonse.

We persistently searched for him all over the ground of the recent conflict, even getting down on our knees and looking through the tall grass for the body, as we supposed him dead.

After a fruitless search of an hour or two, we abandoned the task and left for Capt. Wright's house, where we found the remainder of the boys, who thought us killed or captured.

We waited patiently all day and night for Peevyhonse to pnt in appearance, and

as he failed to do so we were preparing to make a thorough search for his body. On the morning of the second day, as we were making final preparations to look for him, I saw him slowly hobbling through the orchard toward the house.

I immediately ran to him to assist him. Soon after his arrival he gave completely down, and could not walk a step. The indomitable spirit that had sustained him for the past 36 hours gave way and he was utterly helpless.

CHAPTER XXII.

WE carried him to the big spring, on the point of the mountain between Capt. Wright's home and the Frog Bayou.

Here he lay for three weeks while we applied wet bandages to his painful wounds. After comfortably arranging him at the spring, we learned the history of his adventures on that night for the first time.

When Bealer sprang in between he and I, and he felt the sting of the bullets, he fell, after shooting his antagonist, suffering intense agony from the painful wounds in his limbs. His right leg was paralyzed by the shot and he was to move only as he lifted the limb with his hand. As soon as the shooting had somewhat abated, he succeeded in crawling to the branch where he remained until the enemy had gone, when he managed to crawl to a ledge of rock overlooking the branch, where he concealed

himself until near morning. He had drawn himself up over the overhanging ledge and ensconsed himself in a nest of tangled grapevines when he heard the sound of two men approaching on foot, apparently to the very spot where he lay concealed.

Cocking both his weapons he remained perfectly quiet, intending if discovered to sell out as dearly as possible. The two passed within two feet of him, however, without discovering him. Fearing he would be found if he remained there he succeeded in reaching a dense copse, where he concealed himself during the day.

When the night again descended, he slowly and painfully made his way to the hill, and commenced his excruciating journey of a mile and a half to Captain Wright's house. Every step was fraught with deepest agony, the painful wounds receiving no attention during all this time except the rude bandages the sufferer could make from tearing his shirt in pieces.

Only by exerting all his determination and will power, had he been enabled to

move. All the long and weary night was occupied in the journey, and just as the morning sun kissed the hill tops with her first rays, he came to the creek in sight of Capt. Wright's house. Sore, tired and thirsty, he lay down and took a long draught of the clear, sweet water. Seeing the men gathered around the house, he mistook them for the federals, and decided to walk boldly up and sell out as dearly as possible.

When he found they were friends instead of enemies, his courage, which had hitherto borne him up, gave way, and he was completely helpless.

However, we brought him around all right, and in three weeks he was in the saddle, ready for the performance of any task as trying as the one through which he had just passed.

About this time we learned of the presence in Van Buren of a number of Federal artillery horses, and we determined to deprive the enemy of these valuable adjuncts to the service.

Accordingly we moved in the direction of that place, and camped in Pine Hollow, some four miles from town.

The Federal camp was on college hill, just east of the ferry, and the horses were tied to a chain-row. Several of us went into town that night to get the horses.

The boys in blue were tripping the light fantastic toe to the dulcet strains of some sweet toned instrument, and some of the boys in gray went in and joined them in their festivities. I was placed at the door to watch and give warning should suspicion be aroused. Some of the boys went out to where the horses were hitched—the guard was interested in the terpsichorean display within, and did not think of danger lurking near—and would untie the first and tie it to the tail of the second, and this to the tail of the third, and this to the fourth, and so on until the whole string, save one left for me, were ready to move.

At a signal the captors began to ascend the hill north of where the federals were camped. I left my post as watcher and took the remaining horse, a large iron gray, and placed myself as rear guard. Soon the loss of the horses was discovered, and then there was hurrying to and fro. The enemy began what

promised to be a hot pursuit. Bullets began flying around us thick and fast, and my position as rear guard was anything but pleasant. I never lay closer to an animal in my life than I did to that big gray of the Federal artillery. I was placed in that peculiar attitude in which my only alternative was to go ahead, and I felt each moment as if the next I would feel a ball in my back.

However, I escaped injury, and after pursuing us a short distance the enemy gave up the chase and returned to town and doubtless to the dance, while we went on to camp with our horses.

As was customary the horses were put up and sold to the highest bidder, and I bought the big gray that I had ridden on the night of the capture. afterwards gave the horse to a lady who was refugeeing south. I had also bought a mule at the same sale, and I disposed of him in the same manner, and at the same time.

For some time past my wardrobe had shown signs of decay, in fact was in somewhat dilapidated condition, and it was plainly evident that I would have

secure more clothing. Cynthia Lester proposed to make the garments for me if I would get the material. Accordingly, I went to Van Buren for the purpose of securing the stuff. I rode boldly into town and up to the back door of Heard and Vinsant's building, which joined the Hinkle building. After tying my horse, I entered the store. A woman who knew me well, and had nursed me when I was a little child, but who was ultra-Northern now, was trading at the counter.

On seeing me she immediately ceased her purchasing and began to tremble. I saw that suspicion might be aroused, as the merchant was first glancing at the quaking woman and then at me, so, to divert attention as much as possible, I began to call for the goods I wanted, at the same time covertly watching the evidently hostile female.

She soon walked out of the house, and in the direction of the provost marshal's office, which was in a little red brick immediately in front of the court house.

I stepped to the door and as soon as I saw her enter his office I knew her er-

rand. She meant to report my presence in the town. Matters began to assume a somewhat squally aspect, but I was determined not to run until compelled to do so. So I quietly paid for my purchases, tied the package to my saddle, mounted and rode around the Hinkle building into main street and stopped for a few moments and watched in the direction of the provost marshal's office. Seeing no one approaching, I took up the hollow in the direction of the old mill, passing several Federal soldiers on my route, crossing the branch just to the right of where the widow Houck now lives, taking a trail up the mountain that put me in the main road just east of the Rose place, on top of the hill overlooking the town.

I rode to the bluff west of the Rose place and stopped, as I had a curiosity to know what would be the outcome of the woman's report. Soon I saw soldiers enter the store in which I had traded. They remained for some time and then returned to the marshal's office without their prisoner, of course. I afterward learned that they arrested the

merchant and incarcerated him in prison for some time for trading with me.

Being satisfied that the soldiers whom I had passed would report the direction I had taken, I turned my horse's head and rode to Mrs. Brown's near Pine Hollow. Here I found Mrs. Nancy Moore, an ardent and fearless Southern woman. To her I unfolded my plans for the capture of Col. Bowen, and secured from her a promise to act as my courier with a message to Gen. Thayer, then in command at Fort Smith. I knew her part of the matter would be faithfully and fearlessly kept, so fearing the proximity of searching parties of Federals, I turned my horse in the direction of Frog Bayou and hastily rode to Capt. Wright's.

I delivered the goods to Cynthia Lesthr, and she promised to have them ready for me soon. I then returned to Camp Wright.

CHAPTER XXIII.

At this time our command consisted of Marlin's, Wright's and Whitson's companies, Captain Wright in command. About 3 o'clock one afternoon I called for volunteers to go to Van Buren and capture Col. Tom Bowen, who was in command of the U. S. forces at that place. My object in capturing Col. Bowen was to hold him as an exchange for John Norwood and others who were at that time under sentence of death at Ft. Smith; also to better the condition, if possible, of the Southern women and children in that section of the country, who were being robbed, mistreated and imprisoned upon misrepresentations of designing parties in order to get a chance to steal what they had.

Ten men volunteered to go with me. We set out late in the afternoon, going by way of Oliver Springs, then struck south through the woods until we reach-

ed a point just northeast of Van Buren, and from 1-4 to 1-2 a mile northeast of Dr. Thurston's place, in some timber on the hillside. By this time it was 10 o'clock at night. Here we held a council of war. It was decided to raid the town on foot that night, and find out what we could. I called for volunteers to guard the horses, but as all failed to respond we all went to town.

On reaching town we went to some of our friends and learned that Col. Bowen had gone to Fort Smith in answer to a summons from Gen. Thayer. We did not go there to be beat, so we concluded to see the sights. It was so interesting that we stayed until the crowing of the chickens admonished us that the bullet fever, which raged at times in that place might overtake us if we tarried there too long. The boys found stray horses with U. S. halters on, and selected 17 of the best looking, also a supply of pistols, and mounting, retreated in good order, reaching our rendezvous at daybreak.

We then held another council of war and decided to send our surplus stock to the command and await developments.

I detailed three men for this purpose, then we partook of a hearty meal of cold victuals given us by our friends in town. I then detailed a man to go to the highest point of the mountain northeast of town and watch for Col. Bowen, as this position commanded a fair view of the ferry where Bowen must cross the river, when he could be easily distinguished, as he rode a black horse.

I then took one man and went down on the roadside with bridles strapped on our shoulders and as Union soldiers came along we enquired for stray horses, representing that we had lost ours. Soon two came along together, and when we got them off their guard held them up and took them out to the other boys, then went back to the road and held up four more and took them in. Going back again to the road the first man that came along was Esq. Stephenson, of Flat Rock Creek, whom we escorted to the bush and introduced him to the boys, one of whom exchanged his old slouch hat for the 'Squire's fine beaver, which Stephenson kept as a memento.

One of our prisonere was an old man

about 75 years old, and yet he wore the blue. I approached him and said:

"Old man, are you a U. S. soldier? You look rather old." His answer was:

"Yes, by G——d."

I then asked him why he enlisted at such old age. He said:

"To kill such d——d rebels as you," at the same time putting on a vicious look and gritting his teeth.

About this time our picket came in and reported that Col. Bowen had crossed the river and was at Dr. Thurston's. I detailed four men to take the prisoners to the command, which was to meet us on the mountain west of (then) Uncle Billy Howard place above Capt. Winfry on Frog Bayou. There being but four of us left, as follows: John Covington, Nelse Tingler, Sol Wagoner and myself. We mounted our horses and slowly rode down the hill until we reached the open field. This field had laid out until bushes from 4 to 6 or 8 feet high had grown up. In front of us and to the right and left could be seen U. S. soldiers by the score under the shade of these bushes, some playing cards, some playing mum-

ble-peg and some asleep, regardless of war or war's alarm.

The situation was not only critical but dangerous. Could we even entertain a hope of succeeding when it was evident that we must pass through this mob before success could crown our efforts. What must we do? We had gone too far to turn back, so we concluded to succeed or die in the attempt. So we rode on slowly through the field and soon began to pass blue coats on either side of us.

Now was the critical time with us, for we knew that our safety depended on our ability to deceive our enemies, so we began singing, whistling and knocking each other's hats off, to the delight of the boys in blue. We kept this up until we reached a point some distance west of Dr. Thurston's residence. Then we angled to our left, bearing south until we struck the road leading from town, out by Dr. Thurston's place, which we soon reached. Instead of stopping in front of the house, we went to the rear, and here we found Col. Bowen's fine black horse saddled and tied; and to our surprise saw out in the edge of the orchard 15 or 20

U. S. soldiers with their side arms on, carrying apples and making cider. But they did not seem to notice us, so we felt pretty safe and turned our attention to the object of our search.

On the back porch I met Col. Bowen's adjutant, to whom I spoke as polite as I knew how, and enquired for Col. Bowen. I was told that he was in the house, but had forbidden the admission of anyone. I then rode up to the porch and said: "I have a message for him." The adjutant said: "I will deliver it." I told him it was a verbal one and must be delivered in person to Col. Bowen.

He shook his head, stepped up, laid his arm on my horse's neck and said:

"My friend, I cannot let you in."

Just at this time I caught him by the shoulder and gave him a whirl which forced him about, and before he could recover I was on the porch and had him covered with my rifle. By this time my boys had dismounted and were on the porch. I then demanded to know where the Colonel was, and he pointed to a narrow passway which seemed to be between the main building and a small

room on one end of the porch, and said: "when you get in there turn to the left," which I did, leaving him and the boys on the porch. When I reached the door I saw the Col. and Miss Maggie Thurston sitting close together, he having his left arm around her waist.

I saluted the Col. and he asked what I would have. I told him to consider himself a prisoner, which seemed to surprise him very much. He said:

"By what authority do you demand my surrender?"

I replied: "By the authority vested in me by the Confederate States of America."

He then surrendered, and after searching him for arms ordered him to march ahead of me out to where the boys were, the adjutant having escaped. I held him by the shoulder with my right hand with Miss Maggie following close on my heels. Just as we got out of the passage he jerked loose from me and tried to make a break for liberty, but I gave him a punch in the side with my rifle which brought him to time. I then ordered all to mount, and put the Col. on my horse

Just then Miss Maggie made a break for him and I had to prevent her from holding him back. I again ordered him to mount, which he did. Miss Maggie, seeing that she was defeated, with prospects of losing her lover, made a leap into the air—it seemed to me 4 feet high—and fell to the ground in a faint as if she was dead.

After all being mounted we fell into line. It would not do to sheer around those fellows making cider for they would at once open fire on us; so I ordered a charge, and we flew at them. All ran but three, who threw up their hands and begged for quarter. I ordered them disarmed which was quickly done. Then our three boys conducted the prisoners a short distance to where there were some saddled horses tied, where they mounted the prisoners and off we went pell mell through the orchard and over the fence, at breakneck speed.

Just on the outskirts we struck the road leading to Fayetteville. Up this road we almost flew, each man with his pistol drawn, until the first rocky point was reached, when I gave a short whis-

tle when our rear man and his prisoner left the road, and then another until myself and the Col. were left alone. On and on we sped, leaving the soldiers and town, now in a state of confusion—beating of drums, rallying of men to arms—far behind.

After traveling this way for several miles the Col. and myself left the road, traveling slowly through the woods, over the mountains, crossing Frog Bayou until we finally reached our companions, who were anxiously waiting us.

I introduced Col. Bowen to Captain Wright and turned him over. I found all the boys had reached camp safe with their horses, prisoners and booty. After we had been in camp a short time Col. Bowen came to me and said Wright had agreed to parole him providing he would do all in his power to have John Norwood and his companions set at liberty. I went to Capt. Wright and protested, telling him that we had risked our lives to save those boys, and if he turned Bowen loose they would be executed; but he seemed to think not, so after considerable parleying, it was left to a vote, and

Capt. Wright gained his point. Col. Bowen was paroled and all the prisoners turned loose.

Bowen got ready to return and invited me to go with him part of the way, to which I agreed. When we got to the Maxey place (now Rudy) I thought I had gone far enough, so we parted, the Col. going ahead after hoisting a white flag, by tying his handkerchief to a stick he rode in a sweeping gallop down the road toward Van Buren.

As Mrs. Gorman lived at the Maxey house, I concluded to call on them, so I left my horse at the front gate. Mrs. Gorman met me at the door and said:

"Save yourself by flight, for it has not been but a short time since a squad of blue coats were here hunting for Colonel Bowen."

I got to my horse in double quick and just as I got opposite Capt. Winfry's house, I heard a noise, and on looking up, I saw 25 U. S. soldiers formed in line across the road about 75 yards from me, coming very slow, doubtless to steal a march on me. What must I do? I risked it, like Paddy did his soul, and

halted them at the top of my voice. They stopped and enquired who I was. I replied, "a soldier." Then one of them asked how many there were of us. I said "one."

"Throw down your arms," they said. "All right," said I, at which they lowered their guns. This was my time, so I leveled my gun, fired and fled. I turned to the right, going west down Capt. Winfry's fence, aiming to cross Frog Bayou at the mouth of Cedar creek. I soon found that I could not cross here as they had cut me off, by going around on the north side of the premises.

Finding myself cut off from the mouth of Cedar creek, I put spurs to my horse and went full speed pell mell over the bank into Frog Bayou, where I suppose the water is 25 feet deep. On that occasion it seemed to me that I went under 50 feet. My horse came up swimming, and soon we were on terra firma. I then threw down the fence and rode into the field, it being in corn.

I concealed myself in the corn and watched them. I could hear the officer in command ordering his men to advance

and show no quarters, but shoot him down on sight.

As they started I started too, throwing down the fence and going to the west side of the field. Here I climbed the mountain, leading my horse. There was good grass at the top of the mountain, so I pulled the bridle off my horse to let him graze while I watched those fellows down below, in their vain effort to find me. From here I could look down on my pursuers and laugh to think how badly they were going to be fooled. No doubt they thought they had me in a trap from which I could not escape; but when they closed in on me—I was not there.

Col. Bowen, true to his promise, did all he could to save the lives of the boys for whom we had risked so much; but they were barbarously executed at Fort Smith by order of Gen. Thayer, commander of that post. The execution of these young men shows the unholy ways of the late war. John Norwood, the eldest of the ten, was but 19 years of age, the others being from 16 to 18, and belonged to the best families of Washing-

ton county. Their homes had been devastated by the invaders when they took up arms and fought with the rest. Braver boys never lived. Surrounded in a log house by 200 Federal troops, they fought desperately, inflicting much loss on their enemies, finally surrendering on promise of being treated as prisoners of war, which promise was broken by Gen. Thayer.

I have been through many hard and bloody scenes. where many gallant comrades were launched into eternity, but nothing ever affected me as the death of these companions of my boyhood; so brave, so true, so full of hope and promise; killed like dogs by the authorized agent of a so-called Christian government. And this is war, of which I want to see and hear no more. O, would that all might hail the day of Universal Peace proclaimed by One whom many profess, but few follow: "Peace on earth, good will to men."

CHAPTER XXIV.

I RODE in a roundabout way up Frog Bayou to where John Stewart now lives. Here I got breakfast and followed on after the enemy and learned they were intending to surprise our boys in camp.

This I determined should not be done, so when they turned up the main fork of the creek, I hurriedly rode around them reached the camp and informed the boys of the proximity of the enemy. The company was soon in full gallop in the direction the Feds were coming.

A suitable place being found we formed an ambush, and it was not long until the unsuspecting Yanks rode into it. Like the furies turned loose, we sailed into them, and so demoralized were they that they hardly knew what had happened. However, they sought safety in flight, and did not lessen their pace until safe within the confines of Van Buren.

Soon after this Joe Neely told me that

Marlow's and Whitson's companies were going to have a sale of captured stock, and we decided to buy a number of horses and take them to Texas. We went to the sale, bought the horses and begun the journey Texasward; but disagreed about the division, and I sold out to him and returned to Camp Wright, only to find the company gone. I then went to Cove Creek, intending to join Captain Crouch's command, but met Col Marrow Tom Mays, Patton Inks, Harvey Low and a man named Simpson, and we decided to try our luck in Van Buren.

We accordingly set out and camped in Pine Hollow. Leaving our horses tied in the woods about three miles from town, we went in on foot. After appointing a time and place to meet, we proceeded to take in the town, and, incidentally, quite a supply of arms, ammunition and clothing. Marrow was first to reach the appointed rendezvous.

While waiting for us to come, a Federal soldier came walking by. Marrow spoke to him, thinking it one of us, and betrayed himself. The Federal "went for his gun," but Marrow drew first and

the Federal was compelled to lift his hands. Marrow then disarmed him and kept him until we all came up. We then took our prisoner to Pine Hollow, and, giving him his arms told him to go back to Van Buren. He refused to go, giving as a reason that if he went back thus, he would be subject to court-martial, and he begged us to rob him. So we took his arms, hat, coat and boots, and sent a letter to Col. Bowen.

We then went to Capt. Crouch's camp and found the company on the eve of moving into Washington county, in response to a call from Col. Brooks, to assemble all troops possible in the vicinity of Fayetteville, for an attack on that place. We joined Col. Brooks' command and made a furious assault, forcing the enemy to retire into their trenches. We held the town for a long time but could not dislodge them from their trenches, as we could not get artillery.

Col. Brooks then detailed me with a squad of 12 men, to go south of the Boston mountain and intercept any couriers from Fort Smith, who might attempt to reach the beleaguered forces.

At Beaver Pond Hill we stopped and cut the telegraph wire for a mile or more and with the wire so obtained, we constructed a fence on each side of the road about 300 yards long. At about the center of this lane we placed a fence of doubled wire across the road. At the opening I placed six men, who were to open fire on the couriers when they reached the opening. At the fence across the road I placed the remainder, who were to fall on the demoralized couriers as soon as they should strike the wire across the road.

About 10 o'clock at night, some eight or ten Federals came riding in the direction of Fayetteville. Those placed at the opening poured the contents of their guns into their ranks. Like rats in a trap, they made a run up the road, running full into the wire. Here the concealed men poured another volley into them. Horses and men lay in one confused, bleeding heap. The shrieks of the dying and wounded were fearful to hear. It was the bloodiest spectacle, for the few engaged, I ever saw.

"And down in the vale where the poppies grew,
Were redder stains than the poppies knew."

We took the captured dispatches and turned to Fayetteville and turned them over to Col. Brooks. On our arrival at Fayetteville, Gen. Price, on his last retreat from Missouri, came in sight. Instead of attacking, as we expected, he passed by and continued his southern march. We joined him and went as far as Cove creek, where Capt. Crouch's command stopped.

I concluded to join Capt. Wright and hurried over for that purpose, but found his command had gone south. This left me alone, so I concluded to shape my destiny for Texas. I set out in that direction and fell in with Capt. Mose Edwards' company, composed of Indians and whites, and a tough crowd withal.

Arriving at a point some distance from Jenny Lind, I decided to abandon my companions and endeavor to reach Texas alone.

With the company was Henry Hood, Cherokee, and his wife. When I announced my intention of leaving them she declared she was going with "Capt. Black," and called on all who wanted to follow Capt. Black, to fall in line with

her. More than half the company responded.

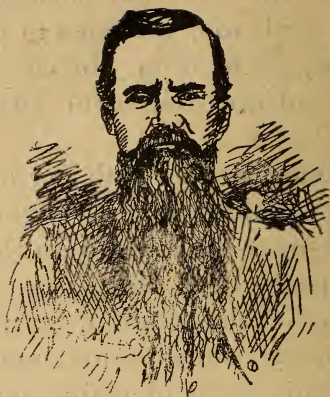
Not wanting to be bothered by this detachment of men, I decided not to go to Texas. However, the notion came upon me again to go, so "taking the house" on the company, I started my horse in the direction of the lone star state, riding all night. Along toward morning I was halted by some pickets, which proved to be the outposts of my brother-in-law's company. I remained with them three or four days and finally reached Texas, in the vicinity of Ladonia, safely.

This practically ends the war with me. For some time after this I was somewhat of a nomadic person, but the deafening din of war having given away to the plowman's song, and ravage and devastation to peace and prosperity. When the noble son of the South returned to his wasted home, with nothing, perhaps, but a blackened chimney standing as a grim sentinel, where once stood a cosy cottage or stately mansion; and with nothing but the brawn of muscle and the love of native land, endeavored to build upon the blackened ruins a habitation

for himself and family, and to retrieve the fortunes the war had so ruthlessly swept away. I, too, returned to peaceful pursuits, free from the corroding care of war and the excitement incident thereto.

Bright winged peace, with her benevolent smile, has long hovered over our land, and I have since lived in the enjoyment of peace and prosperity. My only hope is that the tocsin of war, with all its harrowing concomitants, may never sound in this fair land again. and that the scenes through which I have passed may nevermore be witnessed by mankind.

THE END.



W. P. BLACK,—1894.

Not far ahead we all shall camp,
Beyond life's battle lines, [front,
With comrade true who marched in
And rest beneath the pines.

The reveille, the call to arms,
For us no more shall sound,
Nor thundering arms disturb our sleep,
Who bivouac under ground.

Let silent stars stand sentinel,
No foe invades our grave,
The Captain of salvation comes
To furlough home the brave.



W. J. WATTS.

President of the Cherokee Indian
Citizenship Association.

W. J. Watts was born in the year 1840. His father was Malichi Watts, who was of Cherokee descent, and his mother Susan Toler, a white woman. When 13 years of age he moved with his parents to Arkansas, near Clarksville, where he worked on the farm until the breaking

out of the war, when he volunteered in Co. C, First Arkansas Mounted Rifles.

He was in the battles of Oak Hill and Pea Ridge, after which he was transferred east of the Mississippi river, and was in the battle of Corinth, shortly after which he was transferred to Knoxville, and served under Gen. Kirby Smith in his raid into Kentucky, which was almost a continuous battle, the chief engagement being at Richmond, where the Federals with superior numbers attempted to capture the command and the Confederates gained a complete victory.

In November 1862 he was transferred to the army of Tennessee, and sent to relieve Vicksburg. His command was ordered to Muffersboro, where he engaged in that celebrated battle. His next general engagement was at the bloody battle of Chickamauga.

In the spring of 1864 he was transferred to Mobile and from thence to Florida. About this time he was dismissed on furlough, but instead of going home he joined Gen. Price's command, and was all through the great raid which resulted in driving the Federal forces out

of Arkansas. In Oct. 1864 Capt. James Earwood organized a company at Clarksville, Ark., and Mr. Watts was elected as First Lieutenant. A few days later the command was fired upon from ambush, instantly killing Capt. Earwood and Lieut. Davis. Mr. Watts commanded his company to charge the enemy, which they did and put them to flight.

On the 6th of February 1865 while at dinner in a house near Clarksville, Ark., with three of his comrades, they were surrounded by about six times their number of Federals, who ordered him to surrender. But by a well laid plan all escaped capture and wounds except Mr. Watts, who was seriously wounded.

This wound laid him up for about 3 months. Then his comrades took him to the south side of the river, where he with three of his comrades resolved to go to South Arkansas.

In Scott county a Federal scout commanded by Capt. Wash Dixon heard of them and determined to capture or kill them. Secreting themselves by the road side; when Mr. Watts and his three comrades approached, Dixon ordered him to

surrender. Each party being ready to fire, Mr. W. called to Mr. Dixon and told him he would prefer death rather than surrender, and asked Mr. Dixon to ride out in front and meet him, which he did and seeing the determination of Mr. W. and his men, that they were well armed and that to fire on them would only tend to lose some of his men; give Mr. Watts his hand and pledged his word that his men would not fire. They passed, raising their hats to each other, and since that time have been warm friends.

He returned home in December 1865, laid down his arms and became once more a peaceable citizen.

In 1866 he was married to Miss Kittie Blackard, among the handsomest and most estimable ladies of Clarksville, Ark. where he resided until 1871, when he removed to the Cherokee Nation, and settled on the Arkansas river, where he opened up a large farm.

In 1877 he engaged in the mercantile business at Cottonwood, where he remained until 1888, when he removed to the site now occupied by the town of Muldrow, he having the honor of naming

the place, which he did after Col. H. L. Muldrow, ex-congressman from Miss.

While not a regular attorney Mr. Watts is well versed in law, while on questions relating to Indian treaties, there are none better versed. He has much irregular practice in law, people of all classes coming to him for advice, which is given to all unable to pay gratuitously.

Since 1874 he has been in almost constant litigation with the Cherokee authorities over the question of citizenship which has attracted much attention, not only in this Territory but at Washington where he has defended his case before the Interior Department, where his rights as a Cherokee citizen has been recognized, together with the Watts family.

The litigation growing out of the citizenship question resulted in the formation of the Cherokee Citizenship Association, of which Mr. Watts is the leading spirit.

As a man and citizen Mr. Watts stands high with all classes. He is among the leading spirits in all matters of public enterprise—schools, churches and public improvements. "Uncle Jeff," as he is

commonly called by people of all ages, is a leading member of the Methodist church, and is respected as a Christian by all classes, his religion being of the practical and not the Pharaseical sort.

He is a Mason and Odd Fellow, high in the degrees and commands the esteem and respect of his brethren. The wedded partner of his youth—a handsome and estimable lady—still shares his joys and sorrows, being the mother of seven children, four living, Jesse, Charles, Noah and Fannie, the former being married and the latter five years old.

It is said by those who know him best that he is seldom out of humor. He is permanently located at Muldrow, I. T., where he has erected a handsome residence. His time is entirely devoted to his office, which is daily crowded by those seeking information.

Mr. Watts was one of the first men of this Territory to advocate the allotment of lands in severalty, and has for a number of years advised the Cherokee people to prepare for American citizenship, which was surely coming. For this he was severely censured, but he spoke his

honest sentiments regardless of fear or favor, and today he is recognized as one of the leading advocates of the change from Territorial to State government.

Being associated in business with Mr. Watts for about four years, we know the man pretty well, and have ever found him honest, kind, courteous and obliging, every day alike, and what we have herein written in his praise is but a partial tribute to the man, as those who know him best can testify.

CAPT. MOSE EDWARDS,

A Half Breed Cherokee Indian
and Confederate.

He was born in Tennessee about 1833 and was brought west by his parents and lived on Lees creek in the Cherokee Nation, until the breaking out of the late civil war, when he made up a company and was elected captain. He then took his company and joined Col. Adair's regiment in Gen. Stanwatie's brigade of Cherokee Confederates.

In 1862 he resigned the office of captain and joined Capt. Dick Fields' company as a private. In the early part of 1863 he was commissioned to raise a

company on the Cherokee line. He was very active and soon raised a company of Indians and whites, and was elected as captain, in which capacity he served until the close of the war.

During this time he and his company did a great deal of hard service. His and Capt. Wright's companies routed the Pin Indians at the old Dwight Mission. He joined Gen. Ganoe and was at the Cabin Creek fight, and took a very active part. He led the advance in the Gum Spring fight, near Ft. Smith, Ark. Here he showed great bravery, charging into the midst of the enemy, shooting to the right and left, at the same time ordering the Federals to surrender, when a great many of them threw down their guns and surrendered.

Since the war the writer has known but little of Capt. Edwards. I have been told that he was killed near Logtown, Ark., Christmas eve, 1880.

MARY A. JOHNSON.

The Celebrated Confederate Spy under Gen. Forest.

The subject of this sketch was born in Bedford county, Middle Tennessee; in 1826 removed with her parents to West Tennessee. They were among the first settlers of that section, therefore she was raised amid the scenes of rural life. She early evinced a desire for an education and availed herself of every opportunity being assisted by her father.

There were no schools in the neighborhood; no modern advantages or improvements, no fine churches or edifices of any kind, no railroads, no telegraph lines. Women had no sewing machines or cooking stoves.

Perhaps some young persons ask how did people live in those days. The an-

swer comes: Much better than they do now. Friendship was true and abounding, religion was pure and practical, patriotism was pure, all hands were employed in honest labor and we had no train robbers or tramps. We lived at home and were happy. Old Hickory Jackson was our president, Davy Crockett was our near neighbor, and the bear hunt, the deer drive and the fox chase constituted our amusement.

Her father, Norton Oakes, being a man of more than ordinary ability, was soon called on to serve his fellow men, which he did in every grade of office from captain of militia to high sheriff.

With a large family of children and a sickly mother, her duties were arduous; but she possessed a stout constitution and strong bent of mind, pursuing her studies at midnight hours.

She kept posted in all the measures of congress, watched with interest the growing measures of the abolition party, from the Missouri compromise to John Brown raid, and being convinced that all unity between the South and North was at an end, she loyally contended for South-

ern rights, and on the election of Abraham Lincoln to the office of President of the un-United States, became a strong advocate for secession.

She was married in Nov. 1845 to John Johnson, with whom she lived happily until 1858, when death closed his career and she was left to fight the battles of life alone. She was adequate to the task. For a number of years she taught in the public schools, carried on her farm and schooled her children and prospered.

When the war broke out it found her a widow with six children, five girls and one boy 4 years old. She was engaged in school at Liberty Church, in Obion county, when the first call for volunteers was made and several of her scholars volunteered, among them her youngest brother, Jesse H. Oakes, about 18 years of age.

All the Southern States had seceded except Kentucky, which declared herself neutral, and after the occupation of Paducah by the Federals, the Confederate forces took possession of Columbus. These movements was soon followed by the battle of Belmont. Cheatham and

Pillow soon evacuated Columbus and fell back south, leaving our borders exposed to the ravages of the enemy. Then our troubles began. They ravaged and made desolate many homes, taking prisoner our old gray headed fathers, forcing them to wear chains with heavy balls attached. Some died in this situation. To make matters worse, there were in our midst a class of people devoid of patriotism and noted for dishonesty and cowardice, who formed in detatchments and made raids in our midst, stealing horses and robbing the people under Federal protection.

During all this time the subject of this sketch was actively engaged in equipping and helping Southern soldiers through the lines. Having an almost perfect knowledge of the country, and being full of resources, the night was not too dark nor the snow too deep to prevent her from piloting rebel soldiers or carrying dispatches, while Federals were thick all around her. She often met up with the Federal scouts, but they seemed never to suspect her. On one occasion she encountered a Wisconsin regiment, composed of Germans, Swedes, Italians

and negroes. The Colonel and Captains were Americans, who called for their dinner, and while it was preparing and the troops were robbing the place, the following conversation took place between her and Capt. Skinner:

"Madame, have you a husband?"

"No sir." "Any sons?" "One, four years old."

"Madame, you are a good Union lady are you not?" "No sir." "You certainly aint a d——d rebel." "No sir, but I am a living one." "Don't you know that you are in our power?" "I do not consider that I am. You have no power over the women of the South."

"But you are a rebel." "Yes, and not only a rebel but a secesh too."

Then he began to vilify the South and became so enraged that her mother was scared and begged the soldiers not to kill her. The captain continued:

"Have you any brothers?" "Yes sir." "Where are they?" "In the rebel army where they should be." "Whose command are they in?" "Cheatham's."

"Well they are our meat. Old Cheat is the scoundrel we are after, and we are

going to kill or capture the last d——d one of them.” “Why sir, I have kin-folks enough with Cheatham to make a regiment, and when you meet them you will get the worst whipping that men ever got.” “No indeed, no get whipped. but I expect to capture some of your people and hang them as high as Haman.” “So did Haman expect to hang Mordecai.”

“Well, you can expect to hear of them all being killed.” “Sir, I expect to hear of you on the retreat, trying to get back to Abraham’s bosom. And now, sir, I am out of patience with you. You might talk till doomsday, but I would still be the same—Rebel all over.”

Here his countenance changed and he broke out in a hearty laugh, and giving her the address of his wife, requested her to write and tell her of their wordy battle. He promised that if any of her relatives fell into his hands, he would treat them well, and rode away wishing her good luck.

And pretty soon Old Bedford Forest got after them and almost annihilated that regiment.

The further south the Confederates were, the worse times became. The people were already robbed of everything, and were in a suffering condition. There were only a few old men left in the land and they were not able to work, so she with others, dug up their old looms and spinning wheels and made cloth to clothe their families. They cleared up fields rolled logs, tended crops and harvested with their own hands.

People had no coffee and no sugar only such as they made from the sugar maple. Salt was the great need, and she went to Hickman, Ky., paid \$10.00 for a barrel of salt, and in great danger to herself, brought it home.

Mrs. Johnson had been stripped of her supplies by the enemy. Three times had they taken the last horse and the last morsel of meat from her little children, and she exults today that they never suffered with hunger. These deprivations were of secondary moment with her. The success of the Confederate arms engrossed her mind, and to that end she worked and suffered.

In the meantime Gen. Forest sent a

company under Capt. John Thomas, for our protection, and if possible to capture the band of thieves that raided our settlement. But the country was so over-run by the enemy that Thomas' men had to secrete themselves for the most part, and could only make dashes out and in.

At this crisis she was commissioned as special scout for Forest's forces, and at once entered on her duties, scouring the country in all directions. She visited the Federal posts at Union City, Tenn., Columbus and Hickman, Ky., narrowly observing their movements, numbers and situation, without being suspected.

Her greatest desire was to apprehend the thieving gang, but it seemed impossible to locate them in time to dispatch Thomas. One evening she received intelligence that Pat Dickson, their chief, was in. The weather was very cold and a deep snow was on the ground. She concluded to spy around a little, and in passing a house she saw his horse hitched to the gate—a fine animal which he had taken a few days before. She could hear him talking in the house and she

thought it too good a chance to let slip. She found the horse nobly rigged, with fine new cavalry saddle and bridle, two holsters and fine revolvers, a pair of saddle bags containing clothing etc, and a splendid overcoat.

She hastily loosed the horse and escaped with him, and succeeded in putting that horse and equipage in the hands of a Rebel soldier and sending him to Forest's command.

Many other acts and occurrences we might speak of, had we time and opportunity. Let it suffice to add, however, that she continued active until the end of the war, suffered all the pain of the surrender, but was consoled by the thought that the Confederates in surrendering their arms, did not surrender their principles.

She has many friends of whom she would love to speak, but space forbids.

She left Tennessee in 1869, and located in Johnson county, Arkansas, and thence to the Indian Territory. Her home is at Muldrow, I. T., where she has resided for the last four years, being engaged in teaching.

JAMES BOYS NO. 2.

WE had two bright young boys with us during the closing days of the war, one of whom is still living and the older one has gone to his eternal home. These boys tried to keep out of the army as they were the sole support of their mother and sisters, but as both armies had raided the country taking everything they could find, they feared that dear old mother would soon come to want.

Finding it impossible to remain at home, they come to our camps on Lees creek and was with us in many a hot skirmish. They were with the company when Col. Bowen was captured, in the Lees creek battle, when we captured the suttlers train, the Cabin Creek battle and the Hay fight.

One of these boys, William, and Clark Johnson were the two leaders in the

Cabin Creek fight. They were first on the breastworks and came near losing their lives, but fortunately, just as they ascended the breastworks the Federals hoisted the white flag.

They were sometimes called "bush-whackers," but they were often the victims of being bush-whacked, as I can call to mind a few instances in which they were ambushed. Once on Cove creek when they lost 7 out of 12 men.

On Frog Bayou, August 12, 1864; they rode into the Federals where they were nursing Capt. Bealer and others who had been mortally wounded the night before. Here they had several horses and 7 men wounded, but no one killed. On the morning of Aug. 11, '64, while one of these boys was going to the house of Mrs. Couch, in company with Capt. Whitson and two of the Fine boys, in search of something to eat, they were fired on by about 100 Federals, killing 3 of their horses and inflicting wounds on each of the four men, but none of them proved fatal as they were well attended to, and lived on one meal every 2 or 3 days. I have often thought that the ex-

treme light diet we were accustomed to saved the life of many a poor soldier.

Andy Frazier, a schoolmate of William James, who had fallen in the ranks of Gen. Hindman, and Jim King, always worshipped the mother of the Jameses. And right here I want to say a few words about this noble lady. Her husband, who by the way, was first cousin to the Rev. Robert James, father of the noted James Boys of Missouri, and together these two Robert Jameses journeyed to California in '49, in quest of gold. They were lost on Feather river in California and uever returned.

So this mother was left in Crawford county, Ark., with 5 little children to raise, unaided and alone, save the assistance rendered by John M. James, who went to California in 1853.

She scuffled and worked and prayed, worrying over her lost husband for seven years, when she married a second husband, and he was taken away by the hand of an assassin, in mistake for another man. However, the mistake made her a widow and left her with orphans.

It makes the tears come to my old

eyes to look into the bitter cup of this good woman, who has long since gone to heaven. And the question here arises: "Is life worth the living?"

While in camp Dillard James invited Frazier and King to accompany him to see his mother. So they ventured near his mother's house, but feared to go in, as the old step-father was ill and being waited on by the neighbors, and the house was watched by the enemy. So deciding to wait for daylight, they turned their horses in a field, spread their blankets and lay down for a few hours rest. At daybreak they arose and went for their horses. Dillard's horse being hobbled, he was soon mounted and started to help catch one of the other horses. At this moment he discovered that they were surrounded by a company of Federals. He stood a moment watching King and the enemy swap bullets, and seeing that he had but one chance for his life, he put spurs to the fine animal which he had captured from the Federals, leaped an 8 rail fence and made right through the lines, men shooting at him every jump. Shot gun, Winchester

and six-shooter balls whistled uncomfortably close as he ran, occasionally playing pack at them with his six-shooter, to check their mad career.

They went pell mell for half a mile when they encountered a steep precipice about 100 yards from top to bottom, and at an angle of at least 45 degrees. He descended, could neither turn to the right nor the left as he was hemmed in, so down he went, sliding and slipping, the enemy standing on top, pouring hot shot at him. He soon reached the little creek at the bottom, which was about 20 feet wide and very deep. Now came the tug of war. It was death to stop and dangerous to leap, but there was no time to be lost, and his was one of the best and most willing horses in the land, so he drew up the reins and the noble animal sprang over the water, reaching the opposite side in safety.

Once down the mountain and over the stream, Dillard was almost out of reach of the enemy, but they hastily made for a gap in the mountain and followed him getting an occasional shot. After about a mile they gave up the chase.

Those left behind had succeeded in killing King, while poor Frazier, a lame man, having nothing to fight with, had surrendered. The shooting was heard by the mother and sisters, who, accompanied by two other ladies, ran to the scene and plead for mercy, but with no avail. They poked their pistols in his race and fired,—and there was another widow and two orphans.

The most remarkable feature of this little, but bloodthirsty battle; was the fact that more than a year after the close of the war, the hoofprints that horse made in the mountain side, was plain and visible to the eye.

